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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 20, 1949

PRICE

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For our Parades



GALA OF LONDON PRESENTS

Lip Line

PAT. PEND.

WITH INTERCHANGEABLE REFILL COLOURS

in all the Gala lipstick shades

A new fashion in lipsticks that has taken England by storm!

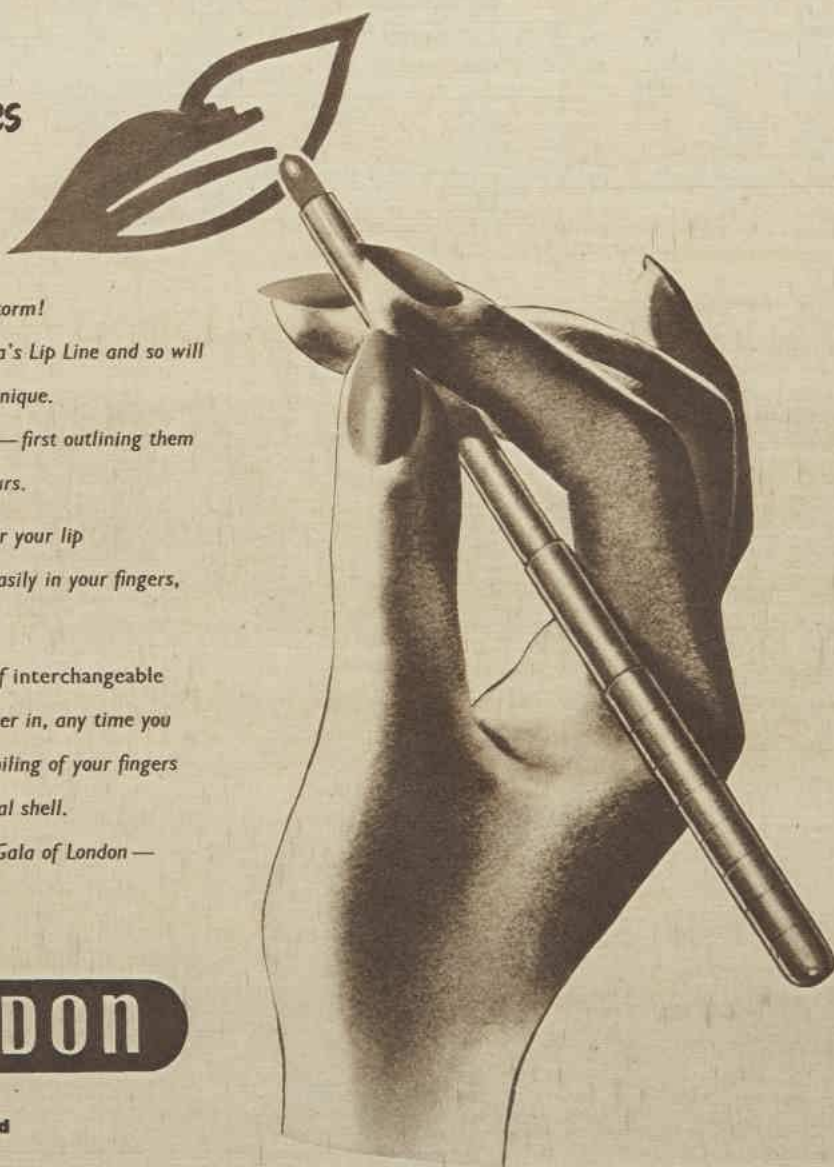
Smart women everywhere have lost their hearts to Gala's Lip Line and so will you! Not a brush, not a pencil, but a new lipstick technique.

You actually draw the lovely Gala colours on your lips — first outlining them with clear precision, then filling in the whole lip contours.

NEVER BEFORE have you had such control over your lip colour as when you hold this slender gold metal case easily in your fingers, the length supported by your whole hand.

NEVER BEFORE have you had a whole range of interchangeable colours. You just slip one Lip Line shade out and another in, any time you want, whenever you change your colour scheme! No soiling of your fingers because each Lip Line colour is encased in its own metal shell.

Lip Line is something really new — brought to you by Gala of London — first in lip colour and now first in a new lip technique.



GALA OF LONDON

Imported complete from England

Selling Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., 131-135 Clarence Street, Sydney

By **SAMUEL
TAYLOR**

MAMMOTH Mail Order Company, Los Angeles, Calif.
My order was for an unabridged dictionary stop I have just received one thousand baby chicks stop Please advise.
Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

Dear Customer: We are in receipt of your letter concerning unsatisfactory merchandise. Our motto is "Complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded!" It is necessary that you return all papers concerning this order to enable us to adjust the matter to your complete satisfaction.

Mammoth Mail Order Company,
(Form GL16A-20M) Los Angeles, California.

Mammoth Mail Order Company, April 5
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sirs: I sent you a wire almost two weeks ago. To-day I received a robed postcard asking for return of all papers. The papers are being returned airmail special delivery, and meanwhile do you realise the fix I am in? What I ordered was a dictionary. That's all I wanted and that's all I intend to have.

Yours in haste,

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, California.

Mammoth Mail Order Company,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Customer: We are sorry about the unfortunate mistake concerning your order. While we make every effort to promptly and accurately fill orders within twenty-four hours of their receipt, an occasional error creeps in.

We are sending you the correct item ordered. Please return merchandise received by mistake, with an attached letter of explanation. Our motto is "Complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded!"

Yours sincerely,

(Form X218F-25M) Adjustment Dept.

Mammoth Mail Order Co., April 18
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Just what do you suppose this is all about? The thing I want to do is return the merchandise sent me by mistake. I don't believe, frankly, that you have thought this thing through.

Also, your Form X218F-25M contains a split infinitive.

Here is the problem. To keep your merchandise from dying or otherwise depreciating, I was forced to purchase two brooders—500 capacity each—at 47.99 dollars apiece. I might have saved a little there with a cheap model, but I knew you would want your merchandise to have the best of care.

Wages for myself and helper, at a nominal charge of one dollar an hour, come to exactly 1000 dollars, worked out at a conservative twenty hours a day for twenty-five days. Feed for your merchandise has cost 32.26 dollars. Drinking fountains were 6.87 dollars. Feeders were 8.23 dollars.

Needless to say, the chicks no longer will fit into the original shipping cartons, and, anyhow, these were used in the construction of a temporary coop for the emergency. A roll of plastic-coated mesh for this coop cost 4.19 dollars. The lowest bid for constructing new crates—I am all fingers and thumbs—to return your merchandise is 95.50 dollars.

As you see, I am not charging you a penny for anything but time and materials. I will gladly return your merchandise on receipt of what it actually has cost me, 1242.83 dollars.

This includes sales tax, though I have not taken into account Social Security, State Unemployment Compensation, Income Tax Withholding, possible union dues in case myself and helper are organised, and whatever else is involved these days. You would know more about that than I do. Please advise immediately.

Yours in haste,

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

P.S.: I received the dictionary. I am sure it is just what I wanted, though I haven't had time to unwrap it.

H.L.B.

Dear Customer: We are in receipt of your letter concerning unsatisfactory merchandise. Our motto is "Complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded!"

It is necessary that you return all papers concerning this order to enable us to adjust the matter to your complete satisfaction.

Mammoth Mail Order Company,
(Form GL16A-20M) Los Angeles, California.

Mammoth Mail Order Company, May 2
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Were you in the Army? It does not seem possible that so complete a mess could be accomplished without special training.

Let me start from the beginning. I will use simple words. Somehow, I have not made myself clear. Maybe that is why my stories always come back. But I am going to try my best, tired as I am and late as the hour may be.

Now, on March 7 I ordered a dictionary, No. 339B188GL, Unabridged, India Paper Edition, 32.50 dollars, post paid.

On the afternoon of March 23 I was in deep thought when a voice called "William! William Shakespeare!" I ignored it. "Shakespeare!" the voice called. "Mail!"

Please turn to page 4

WILY WOMAN



"This is just another
of your tricks to make
me work for a living."
Horace raged at Adeline.

The Australian Women's Weekly
August 20, 1949 — Page 3

Why women prefer the

NEW IMPROVED

Richard Hudnut home permanent

In U.S.A. women who have used several different types of Home Permanents prefer the new, improved Richard Hudnut Kit. This preference is expressed by a cross-section of U.S. Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

7 WAYS BETTER WOMEN SAY!

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Quicker by far—saves 1 hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier, ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do"
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.



Clear step by step directions make the Improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent easy to use. You are assured of success the first time because you use the same type preparations and cold wave process as developed for the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue, New York, Salon.

Save money—keep your hair salon-smart. Try a Richard Hudnut Wave-to-day.

IN EACH KIT YOU GET:

1 extra large bottle Creme Waving Lotion; 1 bottle Reconditioning Creme Rinse; Neutralizing Solution; standard and extra long genuine Plastic Curling Rods; generous supply of luster, stronger End Papers.

Refills contain everything except Rods and Creme Rinse.

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

Shampoo with wonderful new Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo—ideal for use before your permanent.

Produced by the Creators of
"THREE FLOWERS" & "GEMMY" BEAUTY AIDS



Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

HPN7.142

I AROSE and went out. The person who had called me was, if you wish to confirm the following incident for your records, Miss Adeline Yost, Red Bluff, Calif.

In case you get in touch with this person, however, may I suggest the use of extreme care? Do not be misled by a pretty face and a charming manner, or make my mistake in assuming the cornfed type will leave you alone if you leave it alone. What I mean, sirs, the pink cheeks and open manner may be but a mask for a power-mad personality.

I am advising you from personal experience. I came out into the hills for privacy and seclusion necessary to my literary career. And the mere act of thumbing a ride to town one day led to—Well, sirs, the following will illustrate the extent to which this person was trying to dictate my life:

She had arrived in her father's utility. "Look at your eyes," she said as I emerged from the cabin. "All puffy. You've been sleeping again."

"I was," I corrected, "thinking." "Maybe this time you do need a rest. Oh, Horace, I'm so glad. I never did believe you were just a lazy tramp, not worth the powder and lead to blow yourself to glory. I always did say you were worth the powder and lead."

"Was there mail," I asked cautiously, "or did you just want to annoy me again?"

This person was in good spirits, which was a bad sign. Ordinarily, she merely nagged me to get a job and called me a worthless, good-for-nothing dope.

But when she became nice—well, frankly, this person was not above using all the sly artifice of a woman's wiles to get her way, and upon two occasions she had lured me into predicaments from which I had extricated myself only with the greatest embarrassment. Indeed, upon the second occasion it was only with the utmost ingenuity that I escaped going to work.

"Bounced right back," she said, handing me a large Manila envelope. "I'm glad you're through kidding yourself, Horace. You can't write for sour apples."

"Editors never read unsolicited manuscripts," I told her.

"I opened it," she said. "It stinks."

"That's a criminal offense."

"Practically use of the mails in an attempt to defraud. What corn! And I never in my life heard people talk like that."

"You have never lived in high society."

"Have you?"

I did not wish to quarrel with this person, for, after all, she served a purpose in bringing groceries and the mail, saving me a six-mile hike to town. "Did the dictionary come?"

"What use will you have for a dictionary?" She began unloading cartons from the utility. From these cartons came the sound of cheeping.

"What are you doing?"

"Your baby chicks came."

"Huh?"

"The thousand baby chicks. Where's your coop?"

"Wait a minute. I don't want any baby chicks."

"I'll help you get them started. One thing about you, Horace, when you decide on a thing, you do it in a big way. Where's the coop?"

"Look, I haven't got any coop. I don't want any chicks."

She put her hands on her hips. "Horace L. Beck, do you mean to tell me you haven't got things ready?"

In there asleep on your laxy back, and a thousand baby chicks coming!

She sighed. "Maybe dad's right. Maybe you're not worth the powder and lead. Maybe Crummy Jacobs has got the right idea about you."

I do not wish to go into the subject of Crummy Jacobs, who had been in my outfit overseas and had

Wily Woman Continued from page 3

spread the story that I had decided to be a writer because there was a mere private in the company who was a writer, and since I had risen through merit to sergeant, I thought I would be a better one.

Crummy also claimed that I got my Purple Heart from tripping over a bucket while running to a shelter during an air-raid. Anyone interested may refer to the official records, which show that my war injury, a broken ankle, was sustained in enemy action. The injury makes it impossible to pursue my former profession of night-club hoofer, and I receive a small pension, which allows me to devote full time to literary composition.

I examined the labels on the cartons. The chicks unquestionably were addressed to me, and had been shipped by your company.

"There has been a mistake," I said, and began putting the cartons back on the truck. "You can send them right back."

"Well, I never," the person said, and began putting the crates on to the ground again. "I'm ashamed of you. A decent impulse for once in your lazy life, and now you're trying to back out."

"I tell you it's a mistake! I didn't order any chicks."

"You mean, really?"

"I mean really. I ordered a dictionary. What would I do with baby chicks?"

THE person began to laugh: "This is the funniest thing I ever heard of in my life! A thousand baby chicks by mistake!"

Then I began to see the funny side of it myself. I laughed. "Crazy, isn't it? Well, we'll send them back."

"Oh, but you can't."

"Why can't I?"

"Chicks don't need feed for a couple of days, but after that they've got to have constant care. You wouldn't want those poor little innocent things to die. Oh, Horace," she said, peeking through the holes of a carton, "aren't they the cutest little darlings?"

"I haven't got a place to put them. And I don't know the first thing about fowls."

"Horace, this may be the making of you. I have a theory about mail-order houses."

"So have I," I said bitterly.

"Historians have ignored an important factor in the development of independence, initiative, and inventive genius. What might this country have become without mail order?"

"A farmer selects a mowing machine from the catalogue. A couple of weeks later some gunny-sacks full of odd parts are tossed off at his mailbox. With nothing but a rusty monkey-wrench and a hammer he assembles them. Perhaps by mistake he has received a threshing, a concrete mixer, a tractor, or a windmill. Nothing daunted, he converts it into a mowing machine with a little baling wire and scrap iron, and has enough parts left over for a wheelbarrow."

"That's something you could do as a writer, Horace," she concluded blithely, "tell the real story of what made our nation great. Though I guess you won't have time from now on."

"Couldn't your dad use these chicks?"

"Oh, dad's got his this year. Everybody has. You're late. But better late than never." She got in and drove away, leaving me with a thousand cheeping chickens.

Well, sirs, I did my best to protect your merchandise. I sat down to read the book of instructions. Presently I was wondering why my stories bounced back when such writing as that got into print. For example, the book said: "Chicks should be fed four times daily." At what times, it did not say.

"It is very important not to allow young chicks to overeat." How, may I ask you, do you know when a chick has had a square meal, but shouldn't make a pig of itself? I can imagine nothing more futile than asking a chick when it's had enough.

"Feed the chicks scratch grain and mash." Which seems plain enough—smash up the grain—until the next line: "The mash is fed alternately between the scratch grain the first week or two, and then placed in self-feeding hoppers."

What writing! Mash apparently was something similar to what corn whisky is made out of.

And where did the book get that "first week or two" stuff? At that age, you're dealing with half a chick's lifetime.

"Milk should be supplied if possible. The particular form of the milk does not matter."

I was overcast, and I know that does matter. If that book was hinting that I might inflict powdered milk on helpless baby chicks, I was through with it. Anyway, it was full of generalities and obscure technical terms. Ironically, its title was *Chicken Raising for Beginners*.

I walked over the hill to the Yost farm for a little practical information. I found the family at dinner—the parents, the daughter, and the brat.

"Just in time, Horace," the daughter greeted.

"As usual," the brat said. Instead of beaming at the brat, Mr. Yost told him to shut up and beamed at me. "Ah, Horace, for myself I am glad you have what you call it 'come out of it.' A thousand baby chicks. Yes, my boy, it is a job you now have for sure got!"

"It was a mistake," I said. "I ordered a dictionary."

"That I like, the spirit. Very funny. Brooders in shape?"

"Pardon me?"

"Your brooders. They are okay working?"

I might mention, sirs, that Mr. Yost's English was slightly broken, though I will not attempt to put it in dialect, not wishing to confuse you further.

"The last I heard," I said, "my brothers were working."

"Fine, my boy, fine! But watch them. Do not them smother let."

"I think, Horace," the daughter said, "you need some help."

Which illustrates the attitude of everybody during the next few weeks.

I hope it will not be necessary to detail the steps necessary to protect your merchandise. Suffice that with no equipment, we housed the chicks the first night in my cabin. My helper left at midnight and I got no sleep at all. The next day while my helper was making the coop, I drove the utility in for a list of things and sent you a wire concerning the crisis.

You can imagine my consternation when, two weeks later, I received a postcard asking me to return all papers, so you could adjust the matter. I did that. You then sent the dictionary and told me to return the other merchandise.

I wrote concerning the practical problems, and to-day I received a duplicate of the first postcard.

My point, sirs, is that you have the papers. And I still have the chicks. I trust this explains everything, and please advise immediately.

Yours sincerely,

Horace L. Beck.

Red Bluff, Cal.

P.S.: The following expense has been assumed in care and protection of your merchandise:

Labor, self and helper .. \$1680.00
Supplies and materials .. 275.78
Estimate for crating mese.

at present size .. 137.50

\$2093.28
H.L.B.

Please turn to page 22

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



WHY are you staring at me? Can you read in my face what I know? But that's fantastic. Even if you did see the announcement of his marriage in the newspaper this morning it couldn't mean to you what it means to me. Only I know that he's a murderer.

I fell in love with him four years ago. Oh yes, he still looks very handsome in the picture, but he wasn't so heavy then. He's coarsened, but that's not surprising because he never denied himself anything. That was his creed.

He always said, "Life's short, Susan, why shouldn't we have what we want while we're here? We certainly shan't get it when we're dead."

He made it all sound adventurous, as though he were strong enough, big enough to conquer the world. He was gay and open-handed, and his whole personality had a mesmeric effect on me.

When he was near I felt that nothing could go wrong and that everything would get better and better. He brought warmth and interest into my life which was so dull and colorless. I was an assistant in a small chemist's shop. There wasn't anybody else except the old man who owned it, and he liked him, too, and was always pleased to see him.

"He'll go far, that young fellow," he used to say. "Pity he's saddled with an invalid wife."

He came into the shop, you see, to get his wife's medicines. I used to try to imagine what she was like, but I couldn't. It seemed impossible that a man with his vitality could be married to an ailing woman. I was twenty-five at the time.

Yes, I'm nearly thirty now, and you thought I was older. But there's no need to look embarrassed and turn your eyes away as you stir your coffee. I don't mind.

Perhaps you don't think I was ever capable of love. Don't judge by appearances. I loved him with all my heart and soul. I gloried in being able to love him so much. I don't think that another human being could be as happy as I was during that spring and summer four years ago.

I was poor, rather dowdy, neither pretty nor plain, and I wasn't the kind that made friends easily. So I was much alone. My home was a furnished room and I spent most of my leisure in it, reading and dreaming, envious of other girls and yet too timid to be like them.

One day the chemist had gone out and I was tidying the shelves.

"Could I have this prescription made up?" a voice behind me asked.

I hadn't the authority to make up the prescription for which he asked. But he put it down on the counter and stayed talking.

I don't know how it happened, but before he left I'd told him about myself, how I'd wanted to be a doctor but there wasn't enough money; how I'd chosen the job in the chemist's with the idea of finally training to be a dispenser, because it was the closest I could get to the career I wanted.

It was the way he listened that opened my heart. Now you're looking at me again. I suppose you think I was a fool, a silly girl, hungry for sympathy and admiration.

It was no wonderful being sought out, after all the loneliness. Other girls used to look at him and I knew they were envying me. I can't tell you how different I began to feel. I even looked different. I wasn't insignificant any longer. At first I couldn't believe it was happening to me. I was afraid he'd soon tire, but he didn't.

We had wonderful days together driving in his small car, days that I'd wanted for so long and that were lovelier than I'd ever dreamed.

What about his wife? That question is as clear as daylight in your eyes. I've told you already that when I tried to imagine what she was like I failed, and he never spoke about her except in a few phrases of pitying dismissal.

He never even named her as his wife. He talked about her as "she." Sometimes it was "She's in bed to-

The Betrayal

By . . .

MARGARET PULSFORD

day," at others: "She's keeping to the house."

It wasn't surprising that I couldn't get any picture of her at all, that she seemed of no consequence. At first I was hurt, guilty even, of the care he took that we should never be seen together. He used to meet me outside the town and we parted at the same place.

But after a little while this became so much of a habit that I accepted it. The marvellous happiness he gave me made me close my eyes to everything else. Also, I believed that it was only a question of time before his wife died and we would marry.

So you think that was cold-blooded? But it was because I was young and hot-blooded that I thought like that. He was the man I loved and he let me know, almost without words, that his marriage was a duty which he must perform until he was released.

And I wanted that release for him, so that I could give him all of myself for ever. Yet I never spoke of his wife's death. You must believe me, I never spoke of it even when I was in his arms, and his kisses were warm on my mouth.

But he did. I can't recollect how he led up to it. All I can remember is the sickening horror which gripped me as I realised that he was gently, subtly suggesting that I should take enough of a certain drug from the shop and give it to him.

Innocently and out of interest, I'd told him a few weeks before about this new drug, the name, its uses, and how it left no trace. I'd even shown it to him once when he was in the shop.

I stared at him, my eyes felt stretched wide.

"Don't look like that, darling," he said. "It would be so easy, so merciful. Her life's a burden. She says herself she'd like to die."

His arm was around me, the warm pressure about my shoulders felt like an isolated band of comfort as my body and mind seemed to be hovering over a pit. I could see myself stealing the poison grain by grain until there was enough. I could see myself handing it to him, and then waiting.

All the time he went on talking soothingly. "She'd be happier and we'd be together, always."

I didn't hear all he said, but the sense of it reached me and it both tempted and frightened me. There was a terrible logic in his arguments which my love and yearning for him recognised.

"You're shocked," he said, "but that will pass."

He took me closer, kissing my temples, my eyes. All my senses seemed to blur. He kissed my mouth, and a dreadful thing happened to me, driving out ecstasy. I felt for a moment that my mouth was the mouth of his wife. I was possessed by black panic, loathing myself that I'd ever listened for a minute.

I heard myself crying "No!" and my voice was high and strange. I tried to get away from him, but he held my wrist and suddenly I was collapsed and sobbing.

And his voice started again, soft, tender, insistent. He was saying over and over again. "Darling, don't. Darling, don't. I must have been mad. I don't know what made me even think of such a thing. Forget, please, forget. It's because I love you, love you."

Slowly I quietened until horror and terror were no more than a dark, thin jet. At last I said, "Let's go back."



"Could I have this prescription made up?" a voice behind me asked pleasantly.

He looked at his watch and I noticed that the glass was scratched. Simply because it was a relief to say something ordinary, I mentioned it. He nodded, "I'll have to get a new one some time, this is a bit loose." He flicked his wrist.

I remember we smiled at each other and something of peace came back.

But we never spoke of that evening, and I was no longer completely happy. Sometimes I'd find myself looking at him, stricken, because behind those laughing eyes he could conceive a plan which encompassed someone else's death.

Then, one morning, I went to the shop and the police were there. The shop was wrecked, the till wrenched open, all the money gone. Perfume was missing as well, and also drugs. Only the little office at the back, where the safe was kept, was in order.

Yes, you're right, I thought of him at once. You would have done so, as well, wouldn't you? But, then, with a thankfulness that left me weak, I realised that this suspicion was stupid. He wouldn't have robbed the till or taken perfume. He wouldn't have removed drugs indiscriminately.

Perhaps you remember an account of the robbery in the papers. The headlines, of course, were about the missing dangerous drugs, but nobody seemed to reach any conclusion about the real motive for the crime.

The drugs had no high money value, and whoever had committed the theft must have been looking for valuables or they wouldn't have taken perfume or broken the till, would they?

I argued like that all day, to myself, and heard police and reporters supporting my theory and saying it was the work of a small-time crook.

Yet, try as I would, I couldn't totally separate him from the theft.

But what would I do if his wife died suddenly and there was an inquiry? I loved him, loved him with every nerve in my body, every thought and hope. Would I go to the police and tell them all I knew, or would I keep silent? I was in torment, cold and shaken with it. I thought the day would never end so that I could see him, search his face and know the truth.

He was there waiting for me. His smile was the same. He was calm. His only concern was for me.

"You must have had a strenuous day," he said. "Have the police finished?"

"Yes, I think so."

"No clues?"

"Not one."

Please turn to page 26



"DINNER AT 8" thousand feet !

What a grand and glorious feeling it is to be cruising along
in a clear blue sky aboard your TAA liner.

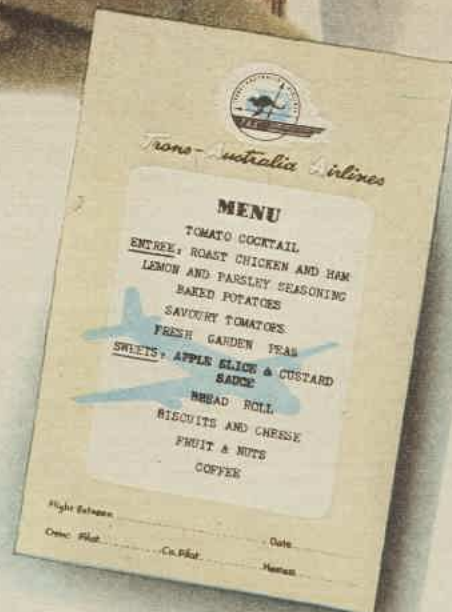
And what a great moment it is, when the cheery efficient TAA hostess
comes along with that delicious meal. It's just too good to be true!

TAA is operating the largest and most modern internal airline network
in the world, with Convair-Liners, Skymasters and Skyliners.

Just phone TAA for your booking. Post your cheque or postal order
and the ticket will be posted to you by return.

For finest service in the air...

"Fly **TAA** -the friendly way"



PAC47

RESERVATIONS FROM YOUR LOCAL TAA BOOKING OFFICE AND FROM ALL LEADING TRAVEL AGENCIES
TAA ARE AGENTS FOR QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS . . . TAA ARE GENERAL AGENTS FOR BCPA SERVICE TO AMERICA

ATTRACTIVE AGATHA CHRISTOPHER is staggered when she inherits from her uncle "Leo's Place," a New York bar and grill, and a ten per cent. interest in the young boxer LEFTY LANGAN.

She grows interested in her strange inheritance, however, and forms a partnership with OSCAR GUMPER, barman at Leo's Place, under which he will train Lefty at Agatha's country home, leaving WALTER, the waiter, to manage the bar.

This causes a sensation in Agatha's circle, and some concern to GWEN, her mother; CHARLIE HARPER, her ex-fiance; and JACK BARLOW, her uncle's personable lawyer. The situation is further complicated when Lefty falls in love with Agatha, while LUCILLE LONG tries to win him away from boxing. However, under Oscar's training, Lefty wins two fights and is booked for a third one. Then Agatha is concerned to learn that BENNY SMALL, from whom she and Oscar bought Lefty's contract, has sold the ten per cent. interest he retained to MONTE WHARTON, a notorious gambler.

After consultation with Jack Barlow and Oscar, she telephones Wharton, offering to buy his interest, but he refuses.

Now read on:—

OSCAR looked thoughtful when Agatha told him what Monte Wharton had said.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "But don't let it worry you, Aggie. We got to play with him or we got to play without him. Just keep your mouth shut and he'll help us get the bouts we want. We can't afford to make an enemy of Monte Wharton, just over ten per cent."

"All right," Agatha said. "I'll try to forget it."

After Oscar had left her alone in the office she telephoned Jack Barlow, and he said at once, "I was going to call you, Agatha. Maybe I wasn't sufficiently concerned last night. If you're worried about Monte Wharton, let me handle it."



Jack faced Lefty across the table. "What are you going to do about it?" he demanded.

RINGSIDE MAIDEN

"I'm going to let it ride," Agatha said.

"I see." He hesitated, then said. "Agatha, I don't suppose you've thought about getting rid of your own interest and pulling out of this racket?"

"No," Agatha said firmly. "I haven't."

"I see." His voice was toneless. "Will you go with me to this next fight of young Langan's?"

"Oh, it's just another club fight, Jack."

"I suppose you'll never forget I said that, Agatha."

"Not until you've eaten those words," she said. "And you'll eat them."

Before she left town that day, Agatha got out her ledger and she and Oscar brought it up to date. They added up the column of expenses and the receipts from the two prizes Lefty had earned, and Agatha said ruefully, "We're still a long way from the black, Oscar."

"A long way," Oscar said. "But this Ventura fight will help."

Agatha went home, then she and her mother returned and checked in at the Hotel Westbrook the day before Lefty's fight with Sammy Ventura.

Agatha had promised to telephone Jack Barlow when she returned to New York, but she put off the call until the following morning, and she went alone that evening to Leo's Place to talk to Oscar. She was astonished at the change that had come about.

In his Broadway Column Billy Baer had written that "the veddy social Agatha Christopher is luring cafe society from the East Side over to the West to look at her personal palooka..." And Agatha saw how true it was.

Walter had run in a better line of whiskies at higher prices, and pre-aided sourly over a hybrid establishment in which the old customers formed a resentful cluster around one end of the bar, and a cocktail and highball crowd talked shrilly along the length of it.

Walter told Agatha it would not last long, but meanwhile they might as well cash in.

He had bought up dozens of prize-fight photographs and prints, even forging an autograph here and there, and had hung up Lefty's boxing gloves behind the bar, above a new photograph of Lefty, which Oscar had taken.

Oscar talked to Agatha in the office. He said, "I'm glad to see you back, Aggie. We've all missed you around here, and I'm worried about Lefty—he's seeing too much of Lucille. Couple of nights ago I smelled whisky on his breath. I gave it to him hot and strong. Help me out, will you?"

"I don't know what I could do," Agatha said dubiously. "But I'll try. I'll be here to-morrow night after the fight."

"I'll tell him," Oscar said. "He'll be here."

It was Gwen Christopher's first meeting with Jack Barlow the next night when he called for them at the Westbrook. They met in the lobby, and Agatha, with a vague uneasiness, went to meet him and turned to introduce him to her mother.

Gwen's approval was evident, and the uneasiness was abated, but very little. It was only when they were on their way to the Arena in a taxi that Agatha had a moment to realize that she was glad to see him again.

Coming so soon after Lefty's unexpected defeat of Joe Broag and the extravagant publicity that had followed, the Langan-Venturo bout filled the Arena. When Agatha arrived with Gwen and Jack, the wolf whistles began as they started down the aisle.

The man in the seat behind Agatha had a big grin for her, and she noticed how she was being pointed out. When Lefty climbed to the ring for the main event they were shouting "yoo-hoo" from the gallery.

Lefty was calm, as always, and made a point of walking across the ring, leaning over the ropes, and clasping his gloved hands in a gesture for Agatha alone. It brought a tremendous reaction from the crowd.

She had never seen Lefty fight as he fought that night. Ventura

PART EIGHT OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

was a clever boxer and a seasoned club fighter, and Oscar had given Lefty orders to go in and rush him, to make it a fight from the bell.

Almost at once Lefty had slipped inside, and there was furious in-fighting along the ropes, and when Ventura broke away his face was already cut. He began retreating, but his jab could not keep Lefty away.

They mixed it near the ropes just above Agatha, and when Lefty dropped Ventura with a right cross he fell to the canvas directly in front of Agatha. He was counted out, the elapsed time being one minute and seven seconds of the first round.

"So that was the nice, gentle boy

who stayed up at our place," Gwen said. "It seems we nourished a tiger."

The Arena buzzed with the murmur of the crowd. This Lefty Langan wasn't all build-up, they were saying.

This Lefty Langan could hit. Maybe it didn't mean so much that Eddie Manolo took him in the second round. He upset that Irish Joe Broag and he took Ventura like an apple on a stick. The boy could hit and he might go places.

Agatha stood at ringside with her mother and Jack Barlow long after Lefty had left the ring. She stood watching Ventura's seconds bringing him round. Ventura was on the way down, and Agatha felt sad as she watched him move at last up the long aisle.

Afterwards, they went back together to Leo's Place. Walter had a table for them well back in a corner, and Gwen sipped her drink and studied the crowd. Her comment was, "It looks like any other bar, and the people look like any other people."

Most of the talk in Leo's Place was about the fight. When Lefty came in with Oscar, strangers swarmed round him and patted him on the back.

Lefty came over to speak to Gwen and Agatha and to ask modestly how they liked the fight, and Gwen said, "Frank, I never suspected you were so bloodthirsty."

"That's the fight game, Mrs. Christopher," Lefty said. His eyes met Agatha's briefly, and she saw an odd, lonely expression that she did not understand.

"You don't have to come here at all, Lefty, if all these strangers are disagreeable," Agatha said.

"I don't mind," he said. "I get a kick out of it. And another thing, Aggie—" His smile was shy—"The only chance I get to talk to you is when I see you in Leo's Place."

"Yes," Agatha said, "I know. These are busy days. And, by the way, I don't see Lucille here to-night."

Lefty smiled. "Tell you, Aggie, Leo's Place ain't what it used to be. I mean it's no good for a quiet beer

these days, and when Lucille walks her dog she walks him to a joint over on Seventh. But I see her pretty often. I eat my dinner where she works. Aggie, I'd like to talk to you a minute."

"We can go back to the office."

They moved back through the bar-room, and, as Lefty held the swinging door open, Agatha saw Jack Barlow watching them, his eyes narrowed, his face expressionless. Gwen raised her eyebrows elaborately.

In the office Agatha lighted a cigarette. "Anything in particular on your mind, Lefty?"

"No," he said, and smiled. "How did you like the fight?"

"You were wonderful," Agatha said. "But I must admit I felt sorry for Sammy Ventura."

Lefty shrugged contemptuously.

Agatha studied him, the sloping, confident shoulders, the erect head and the dark, shining eyes. "Do you hate them, Lefty, when you go in there to fight?"

"Hate them?" He looked surprised.

"No, Aggie." He smiled again. "I get a kick when the old left hook gets in there, but I couldn't say I hated anybody. No, I just go in there to get it over with."

He put out his hand suddenly and his fingers gripped her shoulder. "Aggie, I didn't come back here to talk about the fight. I had to find out how I stand with you, that's why I came back here."

The pressure of his fingers was near the point of pain. Agatha said, "Why, the same as always, Lefty. You can always count on me as your friend."


"Yeah," he said, "that's what I mean. Look here, Aggie, I'm gonna step over that line again." His bright eyes met hers and his face was flushed. It was not the calm fighter's face she saw in the ring.

"Aggie," he said, "have I a chance with you?"

Agatha moved her shoulder uncomfortably, but he did not take his hand away. She said softly, "Lefty, I thought we had an understanding."

Please turn to page 36

Page 7



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"You're certainly getting a treasure in our Emily," Mr. Vandyke said, patting her cheek. I glared at him.

Isn't Emily marvellous!

JIM THOMPSON and I bumped into each other in the middle of a busy street one rainy evening early in March—the first time we had met since leaving university. For some unknown reason he asked me to spend the week-end at his home. He was married, I discovered. For some equally unknown reason, I accepted, and that was how I met Emily.

Emily had been at school with Pamela Thompson, but they didn't appear to have much more to say to each other than Jim and I had.

It didn't matter: by Saturday noon Emily and I were talking to each other pretty steadily; by Saturday evening I was in love with her; by Sunday noon she was in love with me, and on Sunday evening we got engaged on the train coming back to the city.

After leaving the station we went and sat in a small, friendly restaurant, smiling inanely and finding out what we were really like.

Emily's parents were dead, but she had one older brother, who was a lawyer, and married, with two children whom Emily had never seen. She liked Bach and Duke Ellington and Shakespeare, disliked Prokofiev, Picasso, and Henry James, and her favorite color was green.

She liked to dance and to read and to walk in a park, but she didn't like any sports at all except swimming. She had never been engaged before.

When we finally wandered out into the street, I felt as if I had known her all my life. I couldn't imagine how I had ever lived without knowing her.

And I was glad that her background was simple and uncomplicated like mine, although it would have made no difference whether she had been an heiress to millions or an illegal immigrant: I should still have loved her.

"I feel so surprised," she said, smiling at me. "Here was I, the typical career girl, and now—"

I had completely forgotten that she would have a job. It had simply not entered my mind, probably because I had been painting

pictures of her in a home—our home—fluttering around doing a little mild dusting, darning my socks, fixing dinner in readiness for my return from the office.

"What is your job?" I asked her. "Do you realise you haven't told me? No, don't tell me. Let me guess. Actress?"

"No." "Buyer? Copy writer? Teacher? Secretary?" She shook her head to all four. "So I give up. Tell me."

She said, "I'm personal assistant to the president of Consolidated Plastics." I whistled. "It sounds impressive. What do you do? His confidential letters and that sort of thing?"

"Not exactly. I just assist him. See people who get past his secretary, but mustn't reach him. I keep in touch with the various branches and departments and give him the complete picture."

"Oh!" It did sound impressive. Consolidated Plastics. The biggest new thing in years. "Must be interesting. Have you travelled at all?"

"Oh, yes. 'I—she hesitated—"I used to go round with Van—Mr. Vandyke, the president. We were in Europe at the end of the war. And Japan last year. Government missions, of course."

"Oh," I said again. Thoughtfully. And then I kissed her, and she went into the block of flats. I was halfway down the street when I realised that I was still holding the little case I had been carrying for her.

I went back, gave it to the doorman, and then stood on the footpath for a moment, looking up at the windows, wondering which belonged to Emily's apartment. I wondered what she was thinking. I wondered if she was thinking about me.

I rang her at the office next morning. "Emily?" I said.

"This is Miss Maynard's secretary," said the voice. "May I say who is calling?"

I gulped, and gave my name. Presently Emily spoke. "I was just going to call you," she said. "Mark, Mr. Vandyke

is giving a reception to-night, and he wants you to come."

"You mean you've told him?" I asked.

"Why, certainly," said Emily. "He wants to know what we'd like for a wedding present. Can you meet me at the Plaza at six? Don't dress."

"Er—no, all right," I said, remembering the moth-eaten state of my dress clothes.

Emily was looking perfectly beautiful in a smart suit and a small flowery hat. She also looked as if she had never done a day's work in her life, and I felt better.

The president of Consolidated Plastics was receiving all the guests with the usual handshake—all the guests, that is, except Emily, who got her cheek patted.

"So this," he said, "is the lucky man. Well, my boy, you've certainly got a treasure. I hope you're not going to take her away from me?"

I should have said, "I certainly am." But before I got around to "That's for Emily to decide," she was waving to someone at the other end of the room. She took my hand, and I followed meekly.

"Steve—may I introduce my fiancé, Mark Patterson?"

Steve Laughton, the ace news commentator, grabbed both Emily's hands in his enormous paws and kissed her soundly but, fortunately for him, platonically.

"Emily, darling! This is wonderful! When did it happen? . . . Very glad to know you, Patterson," he said warmly. "You certainly are a lucky fellow. Isn't Emily marvellous?"

Emily dimpled prettily. "Nonsense, Steve," she said. "Mark, Steve's going to do the commentaries for our new radio programme. Isn't that marvellous? We're all so pleased."

Steve did the masculine equivalent of dimpling prettily, and even when Emily deserted him abruptly in, as it were, mid-dimple, he didn't seem to mind. I turned back and he was still smiling fatuously after her. I wished I had obeyed my impulse and had dragged her out of the room. By the hair, if necessary.

The rest of the evening was like a bad dream. The most famous faces in the country

kept smiling at me—in intervals of smiling at Emily; the most famous voices said, "Glad to know you, Mark"; and then, "Isn't Emily marvellous?"

At eleven-thirty I found myself having supper at a night-club with a steel magnate, a sports writer, the sports writer's cover-girl fiancée, and a movie star. I never found out their connection with Consolidated Plastics; just as I began to work it out, I leaped to my feet with a yell.

"Where," I demanded, "is Emily?"

The steel magnate gave me a friendly push that sent me reeling back into my chair. Relax, relax," he said expansively. "Don't you know that Emily always goes to bed at ten-thirty during the week?"

I began to splutter with rage, and the movie star looked out from under one cinnamon bang.

"It's all right," she said soothingly. "Everybody knows what time Emily goes to bed. Ten-thirty and she goes home."

"She didn't want to break up the party, but she said to tell you to have a good time," said the sports writer. "Marvellous girl," he added, staring pointedly at his fiancée, who didn't notice, being much too preoccupied with her turkey sandwich.

The next day I arrived at Consolidated Plastics to take Emily to lunch.

"Miss Maynard's office?" I asked the receptionist.

"Twenty-seventh floor," she said automatically; and then, "Oh, excuse me. Are you Miss Maynard's fiancée? We're all so thrilled, Mr. . . . Patterson, isn't it? Miss Maynard is a marvellous person, isn't she?"

"Sensational," I agreed grimly, and made for the elevator.

Miss Maynard's—sorry, Emily's—secretary was a small, pretty blonde who gave me an easy chair, a magazine, and a warm welcome.

"I'm so glad to know you, Mr. Patterson," she breathed. "I think it's wonderful, really I do. Miss Maynard is just the nicest person, she really is. Of course, some girls don't like to work for other women, but—well, I suppose Miss Maynard is different. So friendly."

"Really?" I said. "Confidentially, can't you give me the name of just one person who can't stand the sight of her?"

Please turn to page 41

Keep smiling and fit —

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Happy reunion for recent arrival from England

Recently arriving in Australia to start life anew, Mrs. West very soon had a reminder of England on seeing an 'ASPRO' packet. Apparently it was such a happy link with old associations and a good first impression of Australia that Mrs. West felt prompted to write, straight away, as follows: "As a recent arrival from the Old Country I was very pleased to be greeted with the familiar 'ASPRO' packet when I stepped ashore at Fremantle. My brother-in-law and his wife first recommended 'ASPRO' to us many years ago in England since when my husband and I have always received marvellous relief, when treating colds and 'flu with 'ASPRO'."



Mrs. B. WEST, formerly of England, and now of Rathay St., Victoria Park, W.A.

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FEVERISHNESS		RHEUMATIC PAINS

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Casuals for our parades



JEAN DESSES uses harlequin cotton for his one-piece bathing suit and covers it with a mid-thigh-length sleeveless white towelling coat. The huge sun-hat has a Napoleonic brim. A towelling bag completes the effective outfit.

JACQUES GRIFFE interprets the new swirling silhouette by making a resort frock with a spiral skirt. He combines white and burnt-sienna linen, lining the skirt tiers to give contrast. The huge hat is of matching linen.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 20, 1949



HERMES takes slate-blue pique and makes it into a very long, loose-fitting sweater top with casual pushed-up sleeves, and teams it with yellow linen shorts, featuring the tapering line, to make a glamorous and comfortable playsuit. It was photographed with a house-boat on the Seine as its Parisian setting.



NINA RICCI makes a feature of sharply pointed hip pockets in her fine wool frock, with sun-top, for resort wear. She gives it a touch of sophistication by embroidering the bodice with fine gold thread and colored wools. The resort frock on our cover is made by Maggy Rouff and has a maypole skirt.

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under the
new plunging
necklines?



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● Paquin's head designer, Lou Clavery, created the black satin gown, above, draped round the hips and tied in an enormous bow. A white fox stole falls nearly to the hem.

● Swathing from waistline to the knee gives a well-defined silhouette in Marcelle Chaurmont's deep prune taffeta cocktail-dinner gown, above, worn by Dominique. Elbow-length satin gloves match the petunia-colored flowers which pour down the front of the gown.

● Paris is more enthusiastic than ever about heavy embroidery this year, and Christian Dior carries the idea to its ultimate in the flared jacket, at right, with its decoration of white braid and white beads. It is worn by Dominique with a navy-blue linen gown.



HIGH STYLE

● These seven elegant and glamorous cocktail, dinner, and ball gowns represent the high style of Paris and will be seen by Australian women in our 1949 Paris Fashion Parades, which start next week.



● This season's silhouette of a full, loose jacket over a straight skirt is shown to perfection in this gown and jacket by Jeanne Lafaurie, who uses embroidery lavishly on gown, coat, and matching pill-box cap.



● Doubled-back overskirt to give a wide pannier effect is used by Jeanne Lafaurie in the superb white tulle gown, above.

● Widely cut square neckline and shoulder straps forming minute cap sleeves give distinction to Jeanne Lafaurie's cocktail frock, at left.



● Satin ribbon and roses make an elegant trim on a bouffant net gown, designed by Jean Dessès and worn by Denise. Strapless bodice is swathed to flatter the figure.



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Beach Suits in our parades



WORTH designs white pique shorts and a frilled bra to go under a pink-and-white cotton beach frock with button-up front. Worn by Dominique.



CHINESE influence is strong in the beach suit, above, designed by Marcel Rochas. Trousers are blue- and white striped and coolie jacket and umbrella are of maize linen. It is worn by Denise.

②

ONE-PIECE white linen swimsuit by Jean Patou has a matching side-buttoning straight skirt and flared balero in the newest style to make a resort frock. Worn by Colette.

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open-cut mine. Soldiers
dug 2600 tons in their
first 20 hours of work.

Tiny ghost town slept as troops cut coal

Floodlights enable 24-hour working of N.S.W. open-cuts

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

On the night troops began to cut coal in N.S.W., the silence of the early morning hours, for many years unbroken over the N.S.W. ghost town of Minmi, was suddenly shattered.

Shortly after midnight soldiers, police, newsreel cameramen, and Press representatives gathered there, and half-an-hour later the noise of mammoth machinery in operation rent the air as the Army began work on the town's two open-cut mines.

BUT the sudden acquisition of "night-life" failed to arouse the 400-odd inhabitants of the little town.

Not one resident appeared to watch proceedings, and no lights were switched on in Minmi's houses, equipped with electric light only three months ago.

When I followed the soldiers and police across big mounds of earth and diggings saturated with recent flooding rains, I had to find my way

with the aid of a torch. There are no street or field lights in Minmi.

The Army worked with the aid of one light attached to a huge shovel-crane, while the rest of us stood off in the darkness and tried to watch.

Operations over 80 miles away at the Muswellbrook open-cut, which I visited the next night, were in direct contrast. Huge Army searchlights, which blazed over the coalfields, and the well-lit town revealed khaki-clad figures hard at work and a steady stream of trucks carrying coal to waiting trains at the railway station.

There was a decided air of excitement at Muswellbrook among soldiers and the townsfolk.

There couldn't have been less excitement at Minmi. As the Army worked on steadily during the early hours of the morning and the daytime, womenfolk remained in their homes or trotted across to the only store for small purchases, and the striking miners either played quills or gazed phlegmatically at the working soldiers.

Minmi, which is 13 miles from Newcastle, was once a prosperous little town. Its 4000 residents had the use of seven churches, nine hotels, and a superior public school with a staff of 11 teachers for the 800 pupils.

Now there's practically nothing. Miner Ned Hogan and his wife, both of whom have lived in Minmi all their lives, recall its boom-town days.

"I can remember when two collieries were working full swing and things in Minmi were pretty good," Ned told me.

"The town started to go down in 1916; its poorest time was in 1924, when the mines closed for want of trade.

"Most men and their families drifted off to other coalfields, but some of us hung on, thinking things might get better, and considered ourselves lucky if we got two days' work a fortnight.

"Sometimes we'd get relief work miles away from the town, but I can tell you it was just a bare existence for years."

When the Stockrington pit reopened during the depression years, the men gradually drifted into work again, and when open-cut mining was started this year the townfolk figured there might be a bit of prosperity around the corner.

Minmi's 110 homes, built on ground owned by the J. and A. Brown Mining Company, were all erected many years ago, and look like it.

Few of the tenants pay more than 2/- a week rent. Some are anxious to build their own homes, but until the Joint Coal Board allocates 22 acres of land at the top of the town the miners are unable to purchase blocks, as most of the land is company-owned.

The solid-looking brick post office is the only reminder of Minmi's prosperous days.

Although Minmi residents welcome open-cut mining as a source of employment, they resent the fact that the mines are right at their front doors.

"Once when we opened our front doors we could look across nice green paddocks; now we see only great excavations," declared Mrs. Ned Hogan.

"Still, I like living in a ghost town because there's no jealous competition and we all get along together."

Mrs. Ida Woods, a Melbourne woman, who went to Minmi as a bride several years ago, has no desire to move to a more prosperous town.

"Life in a ghost town will do me," she said. "In Melbourne I'd just pass the time of day with people and keep on my way, but here every-



BIG LUMPS of coal are broken by Corporals Ron Bushford and "Blue" Campbell before coal is sorted by grader-belt at Muswellbrook.

one is friendly and nice, and we have some great talks."

Storekeeper Edward Perry's wife, Vera, who comes from Sydney, likes Minmi life but thinks the town has had its day.

"I'd like to see it pick up again," she told me.

Major Alex Fitzgerald, once manager of the Leigh Creek open-cut mine, South Australia, and now a member of the Permanent Army, told me the machinery in use on the Minmi open-cuts is "really big and good."

Major Fitzgerald, in charge of Army mining operations at Muswellbrook and Minmi, explained open-cut mining to me while we watched a new shift of soldiers begin work at Muswellbrook at 4 a.m.

"The open-cut is easier than tunnel mining because we can use mechanical equipment," he said.

"An underground miner may hew up to two tons of coal a day, whereas an experienced operator on a two-yard shovel excavator, used in open-cut mining, can produce up to 1500 tons a day.

"As a rule, however, the coal produced from open-cut mines is inferior to underground coal."

OUR COVER

● On our cover this week is a playsuit designed by Maggy Rouff, which is included in The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades. It is worn by Denise Sarraut, one of the three girls flying from Paris to show the clothes of this year's parades.

Major Fitzgerald said that, with the machinery available in Australia to-day, the ruling factor in open-cut mining is the ratio of overburden to coal.

Overburden includes clay, shale, and rock, which must be removed to expose the coal seam. When it exceeds a ratio of 4 to 1, open-cut mining tends to become uneconomical.

"For instance," said the major, "the maximum for economical production is 80 feet of overburden to-day, the ruling factor in open-cut mining is the ratio of overburden to coal."

"At Minmi the overburden is 30 feet and the coal seam nine feet. This is just a little under the accepted ratio of 4 to 1.

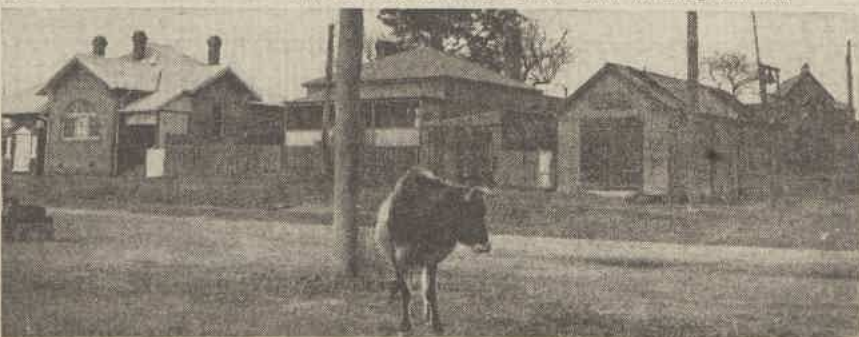
"At Muswellbrook there are three coal seams. They vary from 15 feet to 27 feet, and it has been found economical to go to a total depth of 200 feet, including overburden and coal."

Although he had had only a few hours' sleep in several days, Major Fitzgerald was jubilant when I met him on the second night of Army operations at Muswellbrook because the Army had exceeded his estimate of the amount of coal they would extract in the first 17 hours of work.

"I figured they'd get 2000 tons in 17 hours, but they got 2600 in the first 20 hours, which put me about 100 tons behind in my estimate," he said.



OPEN-CUT MINING EXPERT, Major Alex Fitzgerald, of Brisbane, explains one of the big machines used at Muswellbrook field to staff reporter Georgina O'Sullivan.



MINMI'S MAIN STREET. Post-office is at left, and ancient tin building at right is fire station. Minmi, now a ghost town, was once a boom town with a population of 4000.

A JOB FOR STATESMEN

THERE is comfort to be found, no doubt, in the "complete understanding" achieved by Atlantic Pact powers at defence talks in London.

Service chiefs seem satisfied that they have worked out a worthwhile organisation of defence ready for another war in Europe.

But the comfort is slight to Australians, who have ringing in their ears just now the solemn warnings of scientist Marcus Oliphant on the effects of atom-bombing.

One atom bomb, he said, would be so deadly that the city it covered could not be lived in for years. Thousands would be killed, and thousands more die a lingering death within ten days.

It is useless to try to assess the comparative value of the optimism of the soldier and the pessimism of the scientist.

Each of them is doing an important job in preparing whatever defence is possible against the weapon the one created, the other used.

But their helplessness to prevent a new war, with its utterly disastrous destruction, makes the most vital role in the world to-day that of the statesman, in his special capacity as peacemaker.

This week, four years to the day from the victory of 1945, peace has still to be fought for.

As the genius of the scientist has set the valor of the soldier at naught, statesmen must save the world. In all their endeavors, no other consideration has any significance beside the need to ensure that World War III never begins.

MRS. LANGTRY—Pin-up of the 'eighties

LILY LANGTRY, "The Jersey Lily," reigning queen of beauty and the stage in London at the end of the last century, was as much part of the times as bustles, brocades, feather boas, and champagne out of slippers.

Living in the last era of the gorgeous way of life, she moved through the intrigues of society's upper crust with the same aloof dignity that distinguished her stage career.

Scandal and gossip, such as that concerning her close friendship with the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, slipped from her alabaster shoulders as rain off a statue.

"Alabaster skin," "violet eyes," and "statuesque beauty" are three expressions used liberally in writings of the times to describe her.

"The Lily" is remembered firstly for her beauty and secondly for her acting, for her looks became so legendary that years after they had faded she was still thought of as beautiful.

A writer in the "New York World" records:

"She was beautiful, with stature somewhat more than common, regular features, a perfect complexion, a figure of the wasp-waisted type admired in her own day, and she had, to match her beauty, cleverness enough to shine in her entourage among people, to borrow her Royal admirer's phrase, 'of no damaged intellect'."

The lovely Lily was born in 1852, on the Channel Island of Jersey, daughter of the Dean of the island, W. C. E. Le Breton, and his wife.

Her family was of ancient French aristocratic lineage, so the small Emilie Charlotte, as she was christened, was brought up in an atmosphere of gentility, the only daughter in a family of seven.

The name "Lily" came only years later, after Sir John Millais, famous painter of the day, had his portrait of her, entitled "The Jersey Lily," hung in the Royal Academy.

Her early life in a family of brothers, whom she tried to imitate in their sports and games, laid the foundations for her robust health.

She received her first proposal of marriage at the age of 14 from an officer of the garrison of the island.

Then, when she was 22, came the man who was to take her to London as a bride, the man whose happiness with her was to be short-lived, withered by the fierce light which beat upon his wife's head.

Edward Langtry was the son of a prosperous Irish shipping merchant.

A man of education, social position and prestige in England, he met Lily when his yacht, caught in a Channel storm, was forced to take shelter in the harbor of St. Helier's.

Invited to stay with the Le Bretons, Edward enjoyed the hospitality of the Dean's household so well that he stayed about a month, taking Emilie with him, as his wife, when he left for London in 1874.

It was Lord Ranelagh who, meet-



LILY LANGTRY in evening dress. The gown was pink brocade.

ing the young couple in London, introduced them to London society with an invitation to a reception to be given by Lady Sebright.

A description of the launching is given in "The Lily's" own words.

"The evening came, and we rattled up to Lady Sebright's house in Lowndes Square in a humble four-wheeler. Being in deep mourning,"

her youngest brother had recently died, "I wore a very simple black square-cut gown designed by my Jersey modiste, with no jewels—I had none—or ornaments of any

She writes:—

"On our arrival, the Marquis left his place at the head of the stairs and conducted me around the magnificent rooms, pointing out a few treasures, and, on my admiring the lovely colored water-lilies reposing in marble pools, he drenched his clothes pulling them out as an offering, as also the gorgeous liveries of the footmen, into whose arms he flung them, and who strewed our brougham with such quantities of the dripping blossoms as to make the latter conveyance rather noisier than was convenient; but I think 'Harty-Tarty,' as he was called, did nothing by halves."

Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Langtry wore the same black dress to all these early introductory balls, receptions, and visits to the opera. Apparently neither she nor her admirers thought it odd.

It was not until a friend, perhaps thinking the gown lent enchantment to the wearer, borrowed it and returned it practically in rags that Mrs. Langtry turned her thoughts to a new dress.

"It made it imperative for me to think of a new one," she wrote.

It was about this time that "The Lily" began to make a career of her beauty. Notable painters of the day, following Sir John Millais' success with her portrait, clamored to paint her, and she became one of the original pin-up girls.

Photographers of the day, coming into their own, were realising that there was a market for picture postcard photographs of beautiful women. Soon, Mrs. Langtry, persuaded to sit, suitably draped and bejewelled, became a best-seller.

Her way of arranging her abundant chestnut hair, balancing a fluffy bang with a loosely knotted bun low on the back of the neck, became known as "the Langtry bun." This coiffure, with "Langtry shoes," worn as late as the twenties, "Langtry parasols," and "Langtry hats" quickly became styles to be followed slavishly by admiring women.

What Mr. Langtry thought of all this is hardly recorded, but it is considered extremely unlikely that he was pleased.

Malicious whispers were soon to brand the friendship of Mrs. Langtry and the then Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) as more than platonic, although the gossip served to make her company more sought after than ever.

The Prince and Mrs. Langtry first met at a supper given by the Prince's old friend, Sir Allen Young, the famous Arctic explorer.

While she joined in the full swing of the fashionable round, London, Goodwood, Cowes, and Scotland, people remarked significantly that wherever His Royal Highness was, there she always seemed to be.

Often she would be seen riding with the Prince of Wales in the Row at the fashionable hour of seven in the evening, and more than once Mrs. Langtry was late for a dinner engagement while she waited for the Prince to dismount her.

Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest born, had been the first of the Royal Family to come within her orbit. He met her at the Isle of Wight and used to take her cruising in the Queen's yacht, both of them hiding below until they were out of sight of the Osborne House telescope. Over his bed he hung a profile of the beauty, and his Royal mother, visiting him one day, mounted a chair and removed it.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Undoubtedly the Queen was curious about the lovely Langtry, who fascinated her eldest son.

When Mrs. Langtry was presented at Court she arrived late, perhaps wishing to avoid the Queen, whom it was said she was nervous of meeting. It was known that Her Majesty, after a period of presentations, grew bored and often gave up her place to the Princess of Wales.

On this occasion she did not withdraw and when Mrs. Langtry was presented not a flicker of a smile crossed her face. Later the Prince of Wales told Lily his mother had stayed to see the reigning beauty.

It is not known what circumstances ended the much discussed Royal patronage, but the often-repeated, and often-denied, story of her popping a piece of ice down the plump Royal back of the Prince at a social function has been mentioned as a reason.

Mrs. Langtry was incensed enough at the story to deny it publicly. Whether or not she did put a piece of ice down the Prince's back, the Royal interest cooled, at least in public, though it continued for a while behind the scenes.

Meanwhile, in the background were money troubles. Edward Langtry's resources were soon exhausted, and he had to sell up their London home.

Unable to keep up with the society which had feted her, and desperately short of funds, Lily was tempted by a suggestion that she should try her luck in the theatre.

Her first appearances were in minor charity shows, at which she was pronounced as "promising"—although she forgot her lines on one occasion and had to be prompted.

Her first major appearance was when she was persuaded to appear in a matinee performance of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" playing the role of Kate Hardcastle. This was in 1881, when she was already 29 years old.

Her acting was crude and amateurish at first, but beauty and notoriety combined to draw the public. Before long the inevitable American tour was planned, the first of a series which was to make her a wealthy woman.

Under the management of Henry E. Abbey, she went to the States in 1882, engaged at a fabulous salary to open at Abbey's Park Theatre on Broadway, New York. Although the theatre was burned down just before the premiere, she eventually opened at Wallack's Theatre in "An Unequal Match."

Continued on page 27

Does your job give you ulcers?

EVERY tenth Australian has peptic ulcers, the almost intractable ailment caused by worry and irregular meals.

Eighty years ago most people who had them were women, but to-day men are the main sufferers. Nobody knows the reason for this switchover, but it is probably because women react more violently to strain than men, but also recover much faster.

An article in A.M. for August, surveying this illness of modern civilisation, reports a new treatment from America. Entero-gastrone, a hormone obtained from hogs' intestines, is injected into the muscles six times a week for a year.

The discoverer, an American professor, claims it has proved much more successful than the usual treatment in his experiments with ulcer patients, but Australian specialists are rather sceptical about this claim.

A.M. for August is now on sale everywhere. Get your copy to-day. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



IN HOLLYWOOD. Ann Dixon (left), her father, Mr. John Dixon, of Bellevue Hill, Walt Disney, Mrs. George Griffith and Mr. Griffith, of Melbourne, and their children, Robert and Carol, extreme right. Mrs. Griffith is Mr. Dixon's sister. The Dixons are visiting Ann's sister, Judy (Mrs. Stuart Phelps Dodge, jun.).



DRESS SHOW. Mrs. Charles Ewart admires Marcel Rochas mousseline-de-soie gown modelled by Diana Gregory at Peller's parade. Mrs. Ewart, who visits Sydney from home in Brisbane, was Jean MacRae, of Point Piper, before marriage.



ARRIVED HOME in Orontes. Pamela Higgins (left), Elaine Homes, and Peggy Faust returned after holiday in England and the Continent. Pam and Elaine are both Sydney lazees, and Peggy, who is physiotherapist, is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Faust, of Proserpine, Queensland.



AT RECEPTION. Mrs. Huck Finlay (left), Mrs. Patrick Jupp, who is B.B.C. representative in Australia, Miss Pat Harris, and Mrs. Charles Maves. Reception given by president and members of executive committee of Sydney Symphony Subscribers' Orchestral Committee in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Klemperer at Royal Empire Society rooms.



ART EXHIBITION. Mrs. H. V. Fratt, with her granddaughter Christine, admires painting "Near the Docks" with artist Sali Herman at David Jones' art gallery. Painting was bought by trustees of National Art Gallery. Mrs. Fratt purchased "Parramatta Scene" at exhibition for Department of External Affairs. Painting will be hung in Australian Embassy in Washington.

Intimate Greetings

WHEN Suzanne Du Boise, Anne Buckingham, and Sylvia Mary Williams set off from Sydney last year for trips abroad they didn't dream that they would all be married there and living near each other.

Suzanne and Anne choose coincidentally same day and hour for their weddings—August 8—and coincidence continues with their both spending honeymoons on Continent, and their first homes being fairly close at naval bases of Portsmouth and Weymouth.

Sylvia Mary also becomes Royal Navy bride on August 13 when she marries Lieut. David Jeans, whom she met in Sydney. She will live at Portsmouth within coo-ee distance of Suzanne and Anne.

SUZANNE, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Du Boise, of Rose Bay, chooses one of London's prettiest churches, St. James' Spanish Place, for wedding to Robert Julian Clutterbuck, D.S.O. Her bridesmaids are Anne Lynght, who returns home to Sydney in November, and Ursula Collins, of Tasmania. Reception is held at home of bride's sister, Andree (Mrs. James Kelly), in Knightsbridge. Mrs. Roy O'Connor, bride's godmother, who has lovely home, Connorville, Tasmania, received the guests. When Prince Philip came to Australia with the R.N. he was entertained at Connorville.

ANNE's wedding to Tony Reynolds, of H.M.S. Vanguard, is at Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport, so that all ship's company may attend. Anne returned to London last month after visit home to her father, Mr. Bill Buckingham.



RETURNING TO AUSTRALIA. Fifth Earl of Ducie and his Countess will return to Australia to make home at Toogoom station, near Pialba, Queensland, as their 5000-acre estate and 40-roomed Tudor mansion, Torncroft Court, in Gloucestershire, England, has been taken over by Britain's Home Office and turned into "prison-without-bars" for 300 star class prisoners. Estate has been renamed Ley Hill Prison.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Muston leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their marriage. Bride formerly Joan Carruthers, only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Carruthers, of Bellevue Hill. Tony is eldest son of Mrs. Muston, of Moaman, and the late Mr. H. Muston.

COUNTRY visitors to Sydney for Spring Race Meeting are already making plans for festivities, and understand that many have already made their bookings for the Naughty Nineties Ball, to be held at the A.C.I. Ballroom in September 30, to start race week festivities rolling. Committee members, who are organising ball in aid of Spastic Centre, must be feeling in particularly fine fettle at the moment, as they plan continuous buffet to be served to guests throughout evening, and supper will be made with their own fair hands and served by ladies wearing Gibson Girl outfits.

WHITE slipper satin wedding-gown worn by Pamela Watson for her marriage at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church, Randwick, with Kevin Nicholl. Pam is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Watson, of Randwick, and Kevin is only son of Mrs. W. O. Nicholl, of Randwick, and the late Mr. S. S. Nicholl.

GUESTS who attended reception at Amory, Ashfield, after marriage of Robert Pollett and Sylvia Gray admired wedding cake, which was made by the bride, who decorated it with 500 icing white roses.

OFF for a year's tour of England and the Continent is Madeleine Donnelly, who sails in Maloja. Madeleine's sister, Mrs. J. E. Brett, of Gulgambone, and her husband came to Sydney to farewell her. Madeleine, who is ex-R.A.A.F. sister and St. Vincent's nursing sister, hopes to come home via America, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. McCarthy, of Santa Monica.

SEE Mrs. John Sayer lunching with her mother, Mrs. C. H. Witherington, of Leura, at Prince's. Mrs. Sayer, who, with her two children, is holidaying with Mrs. Witherington, is having a busy time outfitting her daughters, Ann and Susan, for school at Annerley, Bowral. She and her husband will return to their home in Calcutta, India, in October.

THE Wallace Howmans, of Singleton, certainly have the accommodation problem completely in hand. When travelling from country town to country town for any of festivities Sheila and Wallace set forth in their luxurious caravan, park in someone's paddock, and are completely independent. Couple even bring freshly laid eggs with them to cook for breakfast.

MEET Mary Brennan, of Blamie, Coonabarabran, lunching at Romano's looking dashing in cocoa-brown suit with nigger-brown velvet collar and cuffs and cocoa egg-shell hat sporting two brown quills. Mary, who lunches with Mrs. Cliff Gearin, tells me she has had only one hat to her name since coming to Sydney, as her father insisted on bringing a load of wood to Neutral Bay home, and it was a case of the wood or the hats.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY: Sydney Hospital Ball to be held at the Wentworth Ballroom on August 24. The Governor, General Northcott, has extended his patronage and with Mrs. Northcott and his daughter, Elizabeth, has accepted an invitation to be present. The R.S.L. Victory Ball will be held at the Trocadero on August 18. Ball will be highlight of League's 1949 Congress Week and the Governor has also accepted an invitation to be present on the evening.

SEEN lunching at Prince's . . . pretty Mrs. Bob Minter, who tells me she and her husband and baby son, Robert, will stay with her stepfather, Mr. Charles Phillips, while Jeanette's sister, Gerry, is abroad.

joyce

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Peeresses' success . . .



HEREDITARY Lord High Constable of Scotland, the Countess of Erroll, with her husband, Captain Iain Moncreiffe. She is first subject, by birth, in Scotland.

BARONESS BEAUMONT, one of the English peeresses, now eligible to sit in the House of Lords. With her is her third daughter, the Hon. Miranda Fitzalan Howard.

Noble ladies jubilant at winning right that was long denied them

From ANNE MATHESON of our London office

In scarlet and ermine robes, with flashing tiaras and sharpened wits, England's hereditary peeresses will shortly be crashing that most exclusive of men's clubs—the House of Lords.

After a struggle for more than a quarter of a century, led by the stalwart Viscountess Rhondda, once gaoled as a suffragette, the peeresses have at last won their battle to take their seats in the House of Lords.

VICTORY came to them without violent opposition or rough skirmishing, and was due largely, Lady Rhondda said, to the support given by women all over the country. Lady Rhondda, wealthy business woman and newspaper proprietor, said: "We have strong-rooms full of signatures to the petition we peeresses launched two years ago. We were only a handful of women (24 hereditary peeresses in all), but we strengthened our hand by calling on all women's organisations to support our cause."

Viscountess Rhondda, Baroness Beaumont, and Baroness Ravensdale started the petition in the Strand.

Soon it was hanging in every factory, shop, women's institute, and club in Britain.

But they didn't have to use the petition to back their claim. After being without even a seconder in 1946, the motion, when introduced by Lord Reading, was carried by 45 votes to 27, and the peeresses were in.

Undoubtedly the peeresses will live up to the debates now they have arrived at the House of Lords.

There are some brilliant personalities and clever speakers among them. Viscountess Rhondda's soft, musical voice, giving no indication of her clear-headed business efficiency, certainly will be heard.

She has been a splendid champion of women's rights since she went to gaol for five days in the cause of women's suffrage.

Early opposition

IN 1922 her claim that she was entitled to a writ of summons to the House of Lords was fought, and, alas for the peeresses, lost. Lord Birkenhead was violently opposed to peeresses in the Lords. It was pointed out then in debate that Helen of Troy had changed the whole map of Europe because she wasn't a politician, while Boadicea and Cleopatra ruled their countries and went down to ruin with them.

But this argument did not abash Lady Rhondda, who kept up a steady fight for the seat she has now gained.

One of the survivors of the Lusitania sinking, she was her father's right-hand "man" in business (he turned over 40 directorships to her when he became Food Minister in World War I). She succeeded to his title because of a special remainder (a provision of the creation) in her favor.

It was Lady Rhondda's quick wit that pointed out that felons, if par-

doned, could sit in the Lords, while hereditary peeresses were excluded because they were females.

Baroness Ravensdale, the "bachelor baroness," is a hard worker for charity, a socialite who prefers East End welfare work to her West End milieu.

She runs an East End settlement, with clubs for boys and girls; she launches musicians, visits missionaries in South Africa, and stops the crowds at Piccadilly with microphone sermons on religious topics.

Daughter of the famous Viscount Curzon of Kedleston, a Viceroy of India, she has also led the busy social life to which her beauty and wealth entitled her.

Lady Ravensdale did much with her petitions to rouse the country to demand the rights of the peeresses.

Progressive in her outlook, independent in her politics, she wants to raise the standard in everything, from ballroom dancing (of which she is a clever exponent) to helping East End homes.

Baroness Beaumont, a peeress in her own right since two years old, is the mother of four boys and four girls, all with names starting with "M." Her husband is a Conservative member of the House of Commons, and she is one of the handsomest peeresses in the realm.

Most often photographed in her scarlet and ermine, she never misses an Opening of Parliament, and has attended three coronations—those of Edward VII, George V, and George VI.



WIDOW of a Speaker of the House of Commons, the Rt. Hon. Edward FitzRoy, Viscountess Darenty, left, with her daughter, the Hon. Nancy FitzRoy.

Will now sit in House of Lords



THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD, only daughter of the late Earl of Seafield, holds the Scottish titles of her family, while her uncle succeeded to the Barony of Strathspey, in the peerage of the United Kingdom.



BARONESS RAVENSDALE, daughter of the late Marquess Curzon, succeeded to the Barony by special remainder in 1925. She is interested in youth movements, and a hard worker for them.



BARONESS DAVINA D'ARCY DE KNAYTH, now ten, will take her seat in the Lords in eleven years' time. This photograph was taken at Canberra when she was an attendant with Prince William of Gloucester at the wedding of her mother, Lady Clive, with Brigadier Derek Schreiber. Her title is inherited from her father, Lord Clive, who succeeded his mother as the 17th Baron D'Arcy de Knayth. He died in 1943 on active service with the R.A.F.

For turning her home into a hospital during the war and running it with her family for cooks and chafers, Lady Beaumont received the O.B.E. She is particularly interested in the blind.

A member of an old Roman Catholic family, and a very close friend of Queen Mary, Lady Beaumont sets herself, each day, the job of translating all the morning papers into Braille.

The wit and beauty of Countess Seafield will certainly be an asset in the Lords, should she be chosen among the 16 representative peers of Scotland. All six Scottish peeresses, having won their right to take their seats in the Lords, must now wait with the peers for selection.

More interested in horses than in politics, Baroness Wentworth has the best Arab stud in the whole world. As a horse breeder and trainer, she has little time for committee work, but has been strongly behind the peeresses in their fight, will take her seat with them in the Lords, and make her maiden speech.

All Peeresses will wear their crimson and ermine robes to the Lords on the day of their first attendance, following carefully the precedence of peers. For some, the newly won privilege will be a real hardship, for their money has not lasted as long as their ancient titles, and even the journey to London will stretch their slender resources.

Tower of strength in all matters

Their titles

BURKE'S peerage says: "Peeresses in their own right are either (1) Holders of ancient titles, which in their origin as Baronies by writ were heritable by heirs male or female; or (2) Ladies who have succeeded to titles of modern creation which were by special remainder" (a provision of succession laid down when the title was created) "heritable by females, and have been conferred for great public service, especially in war, on men who have no male heirs."

of precedence is Viscountess Daven-try, C.B.E. last-created peeress, widow of the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Rt. Hon. Edward FitzRoy. She will be 80 next month, but is still active and interested, and determined to take her seat with the others.

The Countess of Erroll, premier woman in Scotland, and only preceded by the Queen when the Court is at Holyrood, will be the youngest peeress to take her seat.

She is married to a commoner, who says "For goodness' sake, get this nonsense altered." They sign themselves in hotel registers Captain Montecristo and Lady Erroll.

Though there are 24 peeresses it's unlikely that all will go to the Lords. The six Scottish ones go only if chosen. Of the remaining 18 one, Lady Davina D'Arcy de Knayth, is only ten. She was in Australia with her mother, now Mrs. Derek Schreiber, who was lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester. She cannot take her seat for 11 years.

A peeress in her own right, the Duchess of Fife is married to Prince Arthur of Connaught, and, as a member of the Royal Family, tradition prevents her sitting in the Lords.

Some of the other peeresses may be too old to take any active part in debates by the time the legislation is implemented.

Already seven are over 70 and two are 69.

The oldest is Lady Daven-try, to whom the Houses of Parliament are a second home.

Lady Wentworth is 76, Lady Burton 75, Lady Roberts, Lady Zouche, and Lady Berkeley 74, and Lady Cromartie is 70.

If Baroness Strange of Knockins' heir, Viscount St. David's, had had his way, the Baroness would not be sitting. Socialist St. David's voted against the bill. As a Labor peer, he is against hereditary peers legislating, whether men or women.



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Yours,

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

Mammoth Mail Order Company,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Customer: We are sorry about the unfortunate mistake concerning your order. While we make every effort to promptly and accurately fill orders within twenty-four hours of their receipt, an occasional error creeps in.

We are sending you the correct item ordered. Please return merchandise received by mistake, with an attached letter of explanation. Our motto is "Complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded!"

Yours sincerely,

Adjustment Dept.
(Form X218F—25M)

June 3
Mammoth Mail Order Co.,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sirs: Now I have two dictionaries. Please let me make myself clear. I do not want any more dictionaries. I want fewer baby chicks. If you cannot understand this, at least be man enough to come out from behind that roneoed letter and tell me what bothers you.

Yours,

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

Mammoth Mail Order Co.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Chicks outgrowing coop stop should I enlarge? Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

June 11
Mammoth Mail Order Co.,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sirs: This is to advise you that while coop was in process of enlargement, a skunk got in last night and killed eleven items of my merchandise. I am doing my best, but I could use some co-operation.

Yours,

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

Continued from page 4

Mammoth Mail Order Co.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Have good offer for male portion of your merchandise stop should I accept?

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

Dear Customer: We are in receipt of your letter concerning unsatisfactory merchandise. Our motto is "Complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded!"

It is necessary that you return all papers concerning this order to enable us to adjust the matter to your complete satisfaction.

Mammoth Mail Order Company,
Los Angeles, Cal.
(Form GL16A—30M)

June 29

Mammoth Mail Order Co.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I want to explain everything. There has been a horrible mistake. As I intimated in a previous letter, my helper has been entirely too nice of late. I should have known.

Last week as I was toting a sack of feed from the utility, my helper left the door of the coop open. I didn't even have time to put the sack down. When the chickens were rounded up, I noticed a car had arrived and a man was watching.

"Are you from the Mammoth Mail Order Company?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I'm from the Veterans' Administration. Quite a demonstration for a man with a permanently injured ankle."

And so now, sir, it appears I must work for a living.

On top of that blow, the following day I drove to town for some grit, and blew out a tyre that had been thin for some time. In getting the jack I found an envelope addressed to me, and from your company. It had been opened, then stuffed between the seat and back cushion, to fall into view when I removed the seat, to get the jack.

This envelope contained the papers and original order which you always mail back to a customer at the time you ship the merchandise. These papers showed that on March seventh I had ordered one thousand (1000) baby chicks. The order was in my name, but the handwriting was that of my helper.

When I returned, my helper was feeding the chickens. Silently and accusingly, I handed her the evidence of her duplicity.

"Oh, you found it," she said calmly. "I knew you would. That tyre must have given out. It was overdue."

It was I, rather than she, who was nonplussed. "Just another of your underhanded tricks to make me work for a living."

"Yes," she admitted happily. "And oh, Horace, you've proved it. You are worth the powder and lead."

"I ordered a dictionary. You sent another order in my name for a thousand baby chicks. Then you intercepted the dictionary and the papers concerning the baby chicks."

"Maybe you'd better lie down," she said. "You're all red in the face."

"For a corn-fed yokel, you could give lessons to— Just why," I yelled, "do you have to taunt me with it? You could have kept it from me! You didn't have to shatter my illusions!"

"I wanted you to find out, I'm not one to live a deception, like some I could mention." And she kicked me on the ankle.

"Ouch," I said. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you arranged that demonstration for the Veterans' Administration man."

"It is a citizen's duty to protect the taxpayers' money. Though I didn't expect you to have a hundred-pound sack of feed on your back. That was just luck."

"Where's that dictionary I ordered in the first place?"

"Oh, it's at home. I'm saving it for you. I thought maybe next winter when you have some spare time."

"Beat it," I said, "before I haul off and sock a woman."

Please turn to page 23



I find Ford Pills suit me perfectly. Whenever I'm feeling headachy or listless, they put me right on top of the world again. I always keep Ford Pills in the house.

FORD PILLS



For my husband as well, Ford Pills are specially suitable. At the first signs of indigestion or stomach troubles, one or two Ford Pills at bedtime make him a new man in the morning.

FORD PILLS



Joan, too, is a picture to look at. Clear eyes, healthy skin, always ready to enjoy life to the full — thanks to her appreciation of Ford Pills.

FORD PILLS



When Joan was a baby, and before she came along, I found Ford Pills just right for expectant and nursing mothers. They don't cause griping, favour mother's milk or upset baby.

Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all of your family.

In Plastic Tubes
2/6 EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
Off the beam



Wily Woman

Continued from page 22

ADLINE smiled up at me. "Oh, now, Horace," she said. "Don't you see? I was only proving that you were worth the powder and lead. You rose to the emergency. I'm proud of you."

"Get out of here!" I yelled. "And take your chickens with you!"

"They are not my chickens."

"They are your chickens."

"They arrived in your name. You accepted them. You raised them. Anyhow, what do you want to do, starve to death?"

I turned and rushed into the cabin. I didn't want to run amok. I was packing up when she said at a window, "What are you doing?"

"I'm a night-club hoover. Why I came out here I don't know."

"What about your chickens?"

"Confound the chickens."

"What about your place?"

"Confound the place."

"What about me?"

"Confound you."

I continued packing. She came in and began fussing around the stove. "It's not that simple, Horace. You owe me for the price of a thousand baby chicks."

"That's your business."

"You hired me as a helper on a business basis. I have witnesses. You owe me wages from March. You owe me for the use of the utility. You blew out a perfectly good tyre. Don't think you'll just skip your bills either. People up here won't stand for it, a night-club hoover doing that to a girl."

"Why don't you get out of here?" I yelled.

"I'm fixing a little something to

eat. You'll need energy to think over your problem."

"For the last time, get out of here!"

"Well, all right," She went out and drove away.

I sat down to face my doom. There was no way out. She had whipped me. I was confronted by a life of grim toil getting out of her debt. I would skip during the night. I decided I needed some nourishment for the six-mile hike to town. But I couldn't find the salt. My helper had been attending to the cooking, and she had a woman's devilish habit of tucking things away. I walked over the hill.

The Yests were at the table. "Just in time, Horace," my helper said brightly.

"As usual," the brat said.

"All I want to know," I said: "where did you put the salt?"

"Oh," my helper said, producing the shaker from a pocket of her slacks. "I must have carried it off."

"You knew I'd come for it," I said. "Why do you do things like this?"

She said, "Don't you know?"

There was something about the way she said it. Her eyes big and her mouth soft. Suddenly I understood everything. The dumb little bunny, she loved me. Me, a night-club hoover! The crazy little kid. I hadn't so much as laid a finger on her. I wasn't the one to fool around with the corn-fed type.

Then I saw her parents beaming proudly, and I was conscious of my overalls and work-hardened hands,

and I wondered what had happened to the night-club hoover.

I remembered how empty the cabin had been after my helper had left, and what wonderful food she cooked, and how pleasant it was even to work when she was around. And I really hadn't tried to find that salt. I'd kept looking in places I knew it wouldn't be.

And there was one way to get out of her debt.

"Yes," I said. "I guess I do."

And without going into further detail, sir, here is the situation: I am now in the chicken business. I have on hand three dictionaries, Unabridged, India Paper Edition, No. 339B188GL, 32.50 dollars, post-paid. Two of them belong to you. The third, which I ordered in the first place, will come in handy.

My wife says that in our spare time next winter we can write the story of how the mail-order business fostered American initiative, independence, and inventive genius.

I would appreciate any data on the subject you might be kind enough to forward. Yours happily,

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

P.S.: I am returning by parcel post the two dictionaries, together with the papers concerning the order.

H. L. B.

Mammoth Mail Order Company,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I returned two dictionaries. Have just received one thousand baby chicks. Please advise.

Horace L. Beck,
Red Bluff, Calif.

(Copyright)

HOW THE "WALES" WORKS — Branch Series No. 10

The Typist



WHILE typing is their principal duty, "Wales" typists usually also have other duties such as filing, indexing, etc. This variety of occupation increases the interest of their work.

Some of the advantages of working with the "Wales" are:—prestige, security, congenial conditions, known salary scales with annual rises for at least the first eight years, paid holidays, reasonable sick leave with pay, and a pension fund to which the Bank also contributes and from which girls leaving the Bank (e.g., on marriage) can withdraw their contributions, with interest.

To join the service of the Bank, apply to the Manager of your local branch.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

Incorporated in New South Wales with limited liability

A 1944

HAVE YOU TRIED Quink?

the ink that cleans your pen as it writes



LOOK FOR THIS BOTTLE — IN ALL SHOPS!

Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles. That's why Parker scientists developed Quink containing a secret protective solvent. You can get Quink in blue-black, permanent-blue, green, red and purple, as well as Royal Blue Washable, for school and home use in 2 oz. and 4 oz. bottles. On sale everywhere.

PARKER Quink



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The Parker Pen Company

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Distributors for Australia: BROWN AND DUREAU Limited
SYDNEY, BRISBANE, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

What to do about Winter Coughs and Colds

By following a sensible treatment, you can shorten the duration of coughs and colds.

Get plenty of rest. Alkalinise your system by taking regular doses of Milk of Magnesia or Antacid

Powder. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids—especially orange or lemon juice. Make sure that you have a dependable cough mixture on hand. Keep warm—avoid further chill. If your cold persists—see your doctor.

Nyal medicines are *not* designed to replace your doctor—but to provide you with safe, dependable medicine for the treatment of ordinary ailments. Only the best drugs enter into the composition of Nyal medicines. They are compounded by the most modern methods, under the supervision of qualified pharmacists, and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. For your protection, the formula of every Nyal medicine is plainly printed on the package.



NYAL COLD SORE LOTION—quickly dries stubborn cold sores and heals cracked lips. Contains Camphor and Menthol. Easy to apply—available in small pocket-size vial.

NYAL HUSKEYS—pleasant-tasting medicated lozenges to ease sore throats and hoarseness. May be used as freely as necessary to bring relief. Equally suitable for adults and children.

NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE—acts in three ways in breaking up deep-seated coughs. Clears away congestion—soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest—and eases the cough.

NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP—a gentle, milder cough syrup specially prepared for infants and young children. Quickly breaks up baby's stubborn cough and ensures hours of restful sleep.

NYAL COUGH MIXTURE—a pleasant-tasting syrup containing Liquorice, Menthol and Aniseed. Eases the cough by clearing away congestion, and helps restore normal breathing.

NYAL CREOPHOS—a combined cough mixture and tonic. Designed for the cough that "hangs on," and after "flu." Contains Creosote, Quinine Sulphate and Cod Liver Extract.

NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE—Specially designed for children between the ages of 5 and 14 years. Contains White Pine, Tar and Menthol. Soothes the throat and chest, and eases the cough.

NYAL IODISED THROAT TABLETS—a quick, simple treatment for sore throats. Slip one into the mouth—the iodine it contains will soothe inflamed membranes and help check the spread of infection.



NYAL
FAMILY MEDICINES

Sold only by Chemists



"Instead of rubbing it in, how about putting a little distance between us and the cops, huh, Butch?"



It seems to me . . .

OUR annual invasion of beauty and chic is upon us—our French mannequins in fact.

This year's young ladies are, as usual, calculated to make the women who see them go home and turn the mirrors to the wall.

Even worse—how silly of me, even better, I mean—they are not only tres charmantes, they are tres intellectuelles, which will make them tres formidables as competition at the parties they grace.

They are deeply interested in Existentialism, a philosophy which is difficult enough to grasp in English, let alone high-speed French.

I have seen it defined as a philosophy that sets out to prove that one is what one is, and there is no point in struggling against fate. It has also been defined as the belief that what a man does with his existence and character depends solely on his own efforts.

I have, furthermore, read a lecture of Jean-Paul Sartre's, almost entirely devoted to explaining what it was not; and an essay which begins: "Existential philosophy, precise definition of which will necessarily remain controversial, as in fact no such definition is usefully possible."

Take it away, boys. Ask the Parisian girls to explain it.



Dorothy Drain

By

THE question of freedom to choose one's manner of life cropped up recently when a London court refused to order an old man to an institution.

The man, who is 69, had been living in a stable, sleeping on a bare floor with an overcoat as covering. He cooked on an old open fireplace with two tins for saucepans.

Telling all this, the local health officer added, "He is able to potter about." The magistrate asked, "Isn't there something to be said for allowing him to potter about?" To which the health officer replied, "Yes, but old people ought to be looked after."

At such a distance one can't judge the merits of the particular case, but that bit of dialogue between the magistrate and the health officer illustrates an important point.

While many old people would be glad to be "looked after," there are numbers who resent coddling.

I know an old lady in her eighties who manages very well independently, though irked by the fact that she can't leap on and off trams the way she did 20 years ago. Her daughters are often worried by her wild sorties into traffic, her habit of going three nights a week to the pictures, but are wise enough to let her go her own way.

They realise that to reduce the risks she takes might remove worry from their own minds, but it wouldn't make the old lady any happier. Quite the reverse.

A FRIEND of mine has just had a letter from a husband and wife on holiday.

"This is a delightful place," they write. "Our enjoyment is complete. There's not a soul under 40 in the boarding-house."

What a shudder that would bring to the hearts of teen-agers. Remember that swift look round the figures by the lounge-room fire, or the deck of a ship to see if there were any real human beings there—that is, young people.

Though bored by the old stick-in-the-muds who sat round in deck chairs, knitting, gossiping, and dozing, we spared a little sympathy for them, mouldering away in the sun. How we wasted our sympathy!

Somerset Maugham used the theme in his comedy, "The Breadwinner," in which a middle-aged stockbroker decides to desert his wife and children.

His young son remarks: "People are always rather bored with their parents. That's human nature. The middle-aged are naturally tedious."

The father replies: "Has it never struck you that the middle-aged find the young tedious, too? . . . I don't suppose you're more boring than most young things of your age. I daresay it is only because I know you better than you bore me more."

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL WAVELL made a speech in London recently deploring the lack of music and meaning, and the general ugliness, of modern poetry.

The Field-Marshal has always combined an interest in the peaceful art of poetry with his martial career, and has an anthology, "Other Men's Flowers," to his credit.

Perhaps he's right in some of his comments on the more obscure and harsh modern poetry, but his statement on the causes lends itself to argument.

"How can we expect poetry," he said, "when nearly all effort is aimed at producing drab leisure and rather immobile comfort and timid security?"

Come now, must leisure necessarily be drab? Could leisure be drabber than some of the jobs at which people earn their livings?

And if comfort is ignoble, then discomfort is perhaps noble? One look at slums would convince you of the fallacy there.

As for security, if general insecurity is the ideal condition for producing fine poetry—then what better conditions could there be than those in the world to-day?

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 26, 1949



Time for Father . . .



PICTURE of a hero—having a big moment! The watch he has always wanted—and given him by those he loves most—his own family.

"JEWELLEX" watches are made to match great occasions. Each 15 fully jewelled lever movement is individually fashioned by Swiss craftsmen and recommended unanimously by the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. A gift to gild the memory of Father's Day, 1949, for years to come . . . but order in advance, if possible, because the popularity of "JEWELLEX" watches makes them hard to get.

YOURS FOR ALL TIME . . .

Jewelex The choice of a thousand Jewellers

Insignia of the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. "JEWELLEX" watches can only be purchased at jewellers displaying this sign.



JL 8-16

THE U.S. business recession since the war had been "orderly and for the most part beneficial," states the mid-year report of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Proceeding in an optimistic vein, the report also said that less of output and resultant unemployment had not yet reached the crisis stage and 60 million people were still in work.

Unemployment, I assume, doesn't reach the crisis stage until you are out of work yourself.

SIMON, the cat aboard the British sloop Amethyst, has been awarded the Dickin Medal. Simon, who received shrapnel wounds, showed "devotion to duty" by keeping down mice and rats in dwindling food stores.

"Some milk with a dash? Well, cheer-oh! A reporter? You've come for a chat? Pray, don't write me up as a hero," Begged Simon, the Amethyst cat.

"That bit of a blue on the Yangtze? Oh, we managed to give it-for-tat; We chaps had to show 'em our fangs, see," Laughed Simon, the Amethyst cat.

"It was all in the course of our duties, I despatched a few mice and a rat. Rather lonely without any cuties," Smirked Simon, the Amethyst cat.

"I implore you, old thing, to soft pedal. Why, my heart often went pit-a-pat; And darnd if I don't cop a medal," Grinned Simon, the Amethyst cat.

"Have a little more milk? I've got lushins, What? More of my exploits? Oh, that! They distribute these gongs with the rations," Lied Simon, the Amethyst cat.



PHYLLIS GETS CHILBLAINS

In the treatment of chilblains "Portex" Plastic Skin is a real boon. Applied early it immediately relieves itching and prevents cracking. "Portex" may be safely applied to broken chilblains and although a stinging sensation may be at first experienced, relief is rapid and lasting. Apply flexible, waterproof "Portex" direct from the tube — 2/6d. from Chemists only.



portex Plastic Skin

PS-12

Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd. AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS—Wm. HAUGHTON & CO. PTY. LTD.

Which Twin has the Toni

and which the expensive Perm?

(See answer below)



As easy as putting your hair in curlers but the wave lasts as long as a salon perm!

TONI Home Permanent is a creme cold wave. Like millions of women, you'll say it's the loveliest perm you've ever had. Toni waves any hair that will take a perm, including grey, dyed, or baby-fine, and a TONI will last just as long as an expensive salon perm. Over 25,000,000 women throughout the world are TONI users!

TONI is a wonderful time saver! While your wave is "taking" — sew, cook, do all the things you normally would at home.

Save money now—save every time you need a permanent! The TONI Home Permanent Kit has plastic curlers that can be used again and again. For your next TONI all you need is the TONI REFILL that costs only 10/-.

It's hard to tell who has the TONI and who has the expensive wave! Alva, the Anderson twin at the right, has the TONI!

Toni

HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

From chemists and cosmetic
counters of all stores.

A product of the Toni Division of Gillette



See Love Kit
19/6
Refill Kit
10/-

(4/20)

FISHER'S
is easy

FISHER'S
is quick

Use
FISHER'S
Polishing WAX
FOR FLOORS, LINO'S
AND FURNITURE

For dark woods ask for
FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

CHAIRS TO FIT YOUR CURVES

American furniture designers now make chairs to fit their customers' contours.

Read how this is done in August issue of A.M. Now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls, 1/-.

All the time he

was driving and talking casually, a question was on my lips, straining for release. I wanted to say, "How is your wife?" But I couldn't. It was something I never asked normally. Yet the thought of her wouldn't leave me. Was she in bed now, in this long, bright evening, sleeping her last sleep?

"You're very quiet," he said later. "Tired?"

"Not very."

He looked away from me and I noticed for the first time that his calm was only on the surface. My heart began to pound as I gained the impression he wanted to tell me something. He began lighting a cigarette with such slow deliberation that I wanted to scream: "What are you going to say? Tell me at once."

"My wife," he began, and the blood drummed in my temples and ebbed away like a cold tide as he went on, "has seen another doctor. He says she should go abroad. He thinks the change might help her. I'll have to go with her, darling."

I couldn't speak. I felt stupefied with relief. Mercifully, he mistook my silence for sadness before our coming separation.

"But we'll come back perhaps in a year."

And at once my feelings did change to uncontrollable regret. I clung to him, crying, in a passion of love and remorse. His arms tightened about me, my cheek was pressed against his. Like any other girl, I became self-conscious about my tears.

Men don't like them, really, do they? And I glanced up to reassure him they'd soon stop, but my smile and words were arrested because there was something so rigid and hard about his face. He looked as though he were carved in stone.

But, in a flash, the look was gone. He turned to me and his face was alive again, the face of the loved one, and I forgot.

Within a month they were gone, and, during that time, it seemed that all I felt for him grew deeper and sweeter. I believed in him wholeheartedly. I saw that moment of madness which had brought me so much terror as nothing more than a fleeting expression of desperate love desiring fulfillment.

Every time I thought of my suspicions during the day of the robbery, I was beset with humility. He was fine, splendid. I even tried to hope that the change would cure his wife. And I was proud that our only fault was that we loved.

I was exalted—oh, you can look at me doubtfully, but that is the only way I can describe my feelings—and this exaltation carried me over those first barren months when I found myself thrust back into the old, dim life of loneliness and dreams.

He never wrote, but I didn't think that strange. If his wife was getting better, there could be nothing more between us. We had agreed on it. Ten months after they had left, I read a notice of his wife's death. I was filled with wild, fierce hopes.

I wrote at once, care of the British Consulate, because I wanted him to hear from me as quickly as I was certain I'd hear from him. No letter came and no reply. But hope dies slowly and every day I used to think that he would walk into the shop and everything would be explained. Every time the bell on the door rang, my heart jumped, only to be still again, still, so that it could listen.

My old employer went down with an attack of sciatica last week and I had to run the shop single-handed. But, in a way, I was glad. If he came, we could have our reunion alone. I know it's four years since his wife died. But if you'd ever loved like I loved, you'd know four years wasn't much. And I wanted us to meet without a pair of inquisitive eyes peering at us above rimless spectacles.

Last night the old man telephoned. He wanted some notes out of the desk of his office. He's been writing a book on the history of chemistry for years, and the drawers of his desk are bulging with papers that are the nucleus of the book. He asked for notes dated almost ten years ago, so I guessed he was going to start rewriting the book while he was in bed.

When I'd closed the shop, I began

The Betrayal

Continued from page 5

searching for them. They were in the bottom drawer, covered with dust, and as I was taking them out I heard something fall, and I pressed the papers back to see what it was.

It was the glass from a watch, and the surface was scratched.

I stood looking down into the drawer where that small disc of glass lay, and for a long time I couldn't touch it. A hundred pictures flashed through my mind; the evening when he asked me to get the drug that would kill his wife surmounted all. It was as though I could reach out and touch the watch on his living wrist. "You've scratched the glass," I could hear myself saying.

And his reply: "It's a bit loose."

In hideous fascination I began reconstructing the way he had planned the crime from that time on; the interval before the shop was robbed; the way he must have persuaded his wife to go abroad, and the careful waiting before he poisoned her. And all the time it was as though he were standing at my side, grinning and saying, "Well, I did it in spite of you."

And now he's going to be married again. She's an heiress. It says so in the paper, underneath the picture of them taken together. What dreadful significance that

holds. She looks full of life, doesn't she, but how long will she live if he marries her?

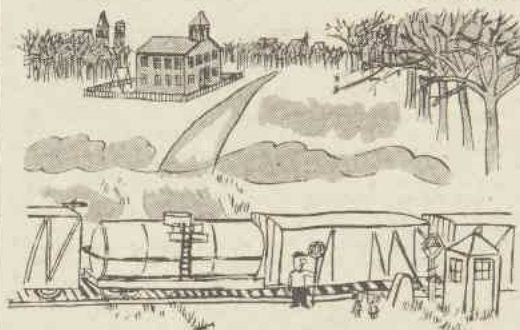
I know I should tell the police, but I love him, and if I do he'll be hanged. Because he didn't find the drug that leaves no trace—it was locked in the safe in the office which he couldn't open, though he must have opened the drawers of the desk while his nerves were still good and he was still calm enough to be tidy. That's when the glass fell out.

Perhaps he killed her with sleeping tablets. They can exhume the body of his wife and find out. But I love him, I tell you, I love him. Can't you understand?

Don't sit there staring and sipping your coffee. Tell me what I should do. Make me do it, because if you don't, perhaps I shan't move. I've been in a torment for hours trying to find the courage to act. Why don't you speak? Have I been silent? Can I possibly have told you all this, and yet not uttered a word?

I feel ill, frightfully ill. Perhaps you think I'm going to faint. Is that why you're staring? But I won't faint. He'll marry again unless I stop him, and I won't have that on my conscience. I'm going to the police, now.

(Copyright)



"What an excuse for being late for school! Funny we never thought of it before."

M121

I've
tried them
all....but
from now
on it's

MUM

(TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF
PERSPIRATION)

Mum stops underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening. Mum contains no irritating crystals—snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to the skin. Mum is completely safe for clothes, will not rot or stain the finest fabric. Mum is quick and easy to use, is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar.





MISS MARJORIE SCHOLEFIELD
... long record

TWENTY-SIX years of service in office for Queensland Country Women's Association is the record of Miss Marjorie Scholefield, of Toowoomba. Elected State Secretary on formation of C.W.A. in 1922, she has been, in turn, Council Member, Acting State President, State Treasurer, and State International Officer, as well as Secretary for her own Southern Division. Resigned from office last year.

Interesting People



GROUP-CAPTAIN W.H. GARING
... new appointment

NEWLY appointed Commandant of the School of Land/Air Warfare at R.A.A.F. Station, Williamtown, N.S.W., is Group-Captain W. H. Garing. Served as captain with famous No. 10 Sunderland Squadron, won D.F.C. Was Australian Air Representative at Washington, later Air Officer Commanding, Western Area. In England last year did Joint Services Staff College course at Latimer.



MRS. ANDREW B. FOSTER
... busy life

FRIENDLY, energetic wife of Charge d'Affaires at American Embassy, Mrs. Andrew Foster, combines being diplomat's wife, bringing up two sons, with community work. With co-operation of nursing staff and Women's Auxiliary, organised voluntary group to teach crafts to convalescents at Canberra Community Hospital, as well as starting leatherwork class at the Y.W.C.A.



FASHION FLASHES

BY LUX

"CAPRICE" Fantasy in Wool

Dream stuff, this fetching piece of frothy "Caprice", an exclusive Lux Handknit that's as feminine as French perfume. Like all fine woollies it will stay lovelier far longer if you wash it with gentle Lux instead of harsh soaps.



NEW! Jumper Slip

Cut high like a little girl's petticoat. And guess what! It has clipped-in shoulder pads so one pair does for all your jumpers! And remember, my lovelies, Lux whisks out perspiration before it can do harm... keeps your lingerie lovable.



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THAT SMART LOOK... IT'S THE LUX LOOK

U.303.A.P.1.42

MRS. LANGTRY—Pin-up of the 'eighties

HER acting improved with experience, her earnestness, her natural refinement of manner, and her extreme beauty enhancing the acting skill she was able to acquire," wrote one of the day's dramatic critics.

Tours of America were repeated in 1884, '86, '87, and '89.

By this time her marriage was well on the rocks, but Mr. Langtry continued to refuse her the divorce she so badly wanted.

In the intervening years her name was mentioned with such distinguished men as Prince Louis of Battenberg, Sir George Cluetwynd, and the noted sportsman, "Squire" Abingdon Baird, who, it is said, awakened her interest in racing.

Continued from page 18

Oscar Wilde, one of her most outspoken admirers, and who wrote especially for her "Lady Windermere's Fan," likened Mrs. Langtry to the ancient homemaker whose face "launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium."

As her fortunes accumulated, she added to the racing stable she had built up under the tutelage of "Squire" Abingdon Baird. She became a shrewd judge of horseflesh and won many big purses with the horses she raced under her turf name, "Mr. Jersey."

Throughout her career Mrs. Langtry had remained a dignified figure,

and so, as society's conventions relaxed enough to admit stage actresses, especially those of breeding and wealth, she gradually regained her place in English society.

During one visit to America she purchased a 7500-acre ranch in California, which she used as a stud farm for racehorses and to establish residence in preparation for the divorce she had long been seeking from Edward.

Finally, in 1897, at Lakeport, California, she was granted the divorce after two previous suits which he had successfully contested.

On this occasion, on the advice of his lawyers, he did not contest, but he announced that he did not recognise her divorce and that in his opinion a second marriage on her part would be bigamous.

Eighteen months later, while she was concentrating on her racing stable in England, she heard that the ill-fated Edward had died while an inmate of the Asylum for the Insane, Chester.

Lily was then 46, and still fascinating. The following year, aged 47, she sealed her re-entry into English high society by marrying Hugo Gerald de Balhe, a member of one of England's aristocratic families. He was 25 years her junior.

She announced that marriage would not interfere with her stage career, and indeed it was while she was playing in Cincinnati, U.S.A., in 1907 that she received the news that her husband had succeeded to the family baronetcy.

In 1912 she returned to the States for a vaudeville tour, still looking surprisingly young and attractive though nearly 60 years old. Her last tour of America was another vaudeville engagement in 1915.

Four years later she gave up her career and racing stable, and retired to her villa on the French Riviera, where she and her husband, Sir Hugo de Balhe, maintained separate establishments.

Her one child, a daughter, Jeanne Langtry, born in 1881, the year when her stage career commenced, grew up to marry into the aristocracy, firstly to Captain Arthur Hill, son of Lord Arthur Hill, and secondly to Ian Malcolm, later to become Lord Malcolm.

Lily Langtry died in 1929, aged 77.

In the words of a "Baltimore Sun" writer, in an obituary article, she was "a bohemian when bohemianism was scorned, she was news when it was vulgar to be news, and when she found herself knee-deep in volumes of anecdotes and the inevitable whisperings of scandal she treated them with an amused contempt, as befitted her station as an idol."



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Child education absorbs professor and his wife

Will study local schools while on lecture tour of Australia

Professor Carleton Washburne, American educationist, and his wife, Heluiz, who are visiting Australia for a lecture tour, both interest themselves in the intellectual welfare of the young from different angles.

World president of the New Education Fellowship, and a professor at Brooklyn College, New York, Professor Washburne has devoted his career to the improvement of standards and methods of education, and his wife has made a success of writing books for children.

THE WASHBURNES are an ideal couple, and to meet them is a refreshing experience.

The massive, middle-aged professor, who is quick-talking and jovial, soon shows his businesslike approach to the matter in hand, and Mrs. Washburne, greying but youthful in manner, tells of her bookwriting between anecdotes about her grandchildren.

Mrs. Washburne said that most of her books had resulted from her travels with her husband. She hopes to write a book about her visit to Australia for her eldest grandchild, Meredith.

Professor Washburne, whose intelligence and energy are shown in his lively brown eyes, has been working to improve methods of teaching since, fresh out of college, he got his first teaching post in 1912.

"I didn't have any training for teaching, and I think, since my predecessor had been literally chased out of town by her unruly pupils, I got the job because I looked large enough to handle the class," he said.

"I started right in experimenting. I tried hard to use common sense in handling the class, and they responded."

Later, as superintendent of State schools in Winnetka, Illinois, a post he held for 25 years, his modern methods of instruction to suit individual differences in children and of encouraging the development of their social consciousness and mental hygiene became famous among educationists.

Enlarging upon methods used, Professor Washburne explained that he recommended children should be taken into the confidence of the teacher about the work to be done and the reasons why it had been set. If the reasons were discussed the child lost the feeling that work was being forced upon him, and became more eager to learn. "In short he becomes a partner in his own education," he said.

Then the children were encouraged to undertake a great number of the tasks of the school, electing their own councils and prefects, and seeking them if need be. Again they had the feeling of having a voice in their own education.

Professor Washburne said it was quite impossible to ask children to supervise certain parts of their life because they just didn't have the necessary experience, but within the limitations of their age and competence they should be allowed to make

decisions and helped to follow them through.

He told the story of some school children in a small State school in Wisconsin, U.S.A., who were instrumental in having some local road safety rules altered.

The children, when riding to school on their bicycles each day, noticed that some of these rules and regulations were obsolete, and complained to the school principal. He encouraged them to discuss the matter among themselves, draft their recommendations, and submit them to the town council.

The obsolete regulations were subsequently altered.

"Many teachers, including Australians, visited me during this time in order to study our methods in striving for the best possible system of education," Professor Washburne said.

Mrs. Washburne, who stresses that she is not an educationist, said she began writing children's books for her own children, and now she had grandchildren to write for.

"My first solo effort, 'Letters to Channy,' written in 1931, was the story of my travels in Europe and Asia, written specially for my son Chandler, who was too young to come with us," she said.

Did she and her husband have the problems most people strike with their children? Mrs. Washburne is often asked.

"Of course," said Mrs. Washburne. "I remember how I worried about Channy when he started spending most of his dimes on cheap pulp magazines. He actually made them into a lending library, but I found that his interest passed naturally to literature of a better type; along came another craze and out went the library books."

"Recently I discovered granddaughter Meredith collecting comic books in the same way, and when I said, 'Merry, do you really like these books to read?' she replied, 'They're fun, and anyway you and



PROFESSOR AND MRS. CARLETON WASHBURNE, visiting Americans who, as parents and grandparents, have practical as well as scientific approach to problems of education.

Mummy like to read magazines sometimes."

Mrs. Washburne said these experiences reassured her regarding the effect of comics.

"We all enjoy a little lazy reading sometimes," she said.

"Of course, if a child has only comics to read he might get a distorted taste for them, but if he has any intellect at all, will turn to something better."

Mrs. Washburne's advice to writers of books for children was to remember that children dislike being "talked down" to.

Due respect for their intelligence should be shown.

"Remember to match the child's interests and experience with literature which is on a level with his reading ability," she said.

The Washburnes have been in Italy recently, where the professor has been working for the U.S. State Department, directing a programme

of information and educational exchange.

Professor Washburne said he had not had a chance to visit many Australian schools yet, but at a primary school at Arriarmon, N.S.W., some of the best modern teaching methods were employed.

He particularly approved of the system used there of dividing the children into classes for reading and arithmetic according to their ability and progress, not by age.

The result was that the backward child was rid of the awareness of being backward, and might even get the opportunity to be the best in the class.

Professor Washburne said the amazing thing about this system is that the child has no feeling of inferiority at all.

"It is like the man who plays golf with a handicap and who knows he isn't a good player but still enjoys the game," he said.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — August 26, 1949

WORTH Reporting

THE world almost overlooked the sixth birthday of one of its two sets of quintuplets. The Diligent quins, of Buenos Aires, have just turned six years old. They have been photographed only twice, are a little over normal weight for their age, and go to a day school, where they are said to be exceptionally good at lessons.

They are dressed alike, with small distinctive touches so that their parents can identify them. But to make sure, all are punished alike for any wrong doing. The only people the two boys and three girls don't confuse are one another.

According to their father, the quins have developed an unusually united front, and seldom quarrel among themselves. They work off their high spirits by teasing their elder sisters.

Next year they will go to two schools—the girls to one, and the boys to another, because, their father says, it wouldn't be fair to inflict the five of them on one. "Separated they're angels, together devils—even if the most captivating young devils a parent ever had the good fortune to own."

"There's never a minute's peace till they're safe and asleep in bed." Most parents will endorse his remarks. But only the Diligents and the Dionnes can say it about five children born on the same day.

Woollen dog was airman's mascot

A BLACK woollen dog sits on the window-sill of a house in the Rue Dauphine in the Latin Quarter of Paris. It is one of the most cherished possessions of a Frenchwoman, Madame Marcelle Siebenbritt.

Writing from Paris, Betty Nesbitt tells the story of how Madame Siebenbritt came to own the dog.

During the war, in 1944, a German lieutenant was billeted in the house of Madame Siebenbritt's mother in a small village near Strasbourg.

One day he came into the house with a bundle of papers, a uniform, and the black toy dog. He told her that an Australian airman had parachuted from a burning plane. Before he reached the ground the German shot him. The dog was still clutched in the airman's hand.

Madame asked the German to give her the dog.

"I felt I wanted it. It seemed to be a symbol of our Allies. I offered the German money for it, but he wanted it for his wife," said Madame Siebenbritt.

"When, a few days later, the Allies were advancing and the Germans retreated from our district, he gave me the parcel and ordered me to post it to Germany."

"My mother begged me to post it in case he came back, but I was determined not to. I waited for ten days, but the Germans didn't come back, so I unwrapped it and put it on my table."

"I've always had it with me wherever I go, and often wonder if the Australian's mother, sister, or wife made it for him."

The dog is a poodle with knitted ears and grey button eyes, and has a red ribbon round its neck.



"Say . . . how much does this tank of yours hold?"

CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS

SINCE we began our crossword puzzle feature in The Australian Women's Weekly, just over 12 months ago, many readers have written expressing pleasure at its inclusion in the paper.

We have been awarding weekly prizes for the crossword, but this has one big disadvantage. To allow time for answers from every State to reach us, it is necessary to leave a month's interval between publication of clues and publication of answers.

Many of our crossword enthusiasts have asked us to drop the prizes and publish the solutions earlier. They regard a puzzle primarily as entertainment and do not feel that the possibility of a prize is sufficient compensation for the delay in the solution.

We have therefore decided to drop the prizes. Solution to No. 55, which appears on page 46, will be published next week. Awards for contests up to No. 54 will be published as previously announced.

LILLY DACHE, of New York, has thought up the ideal answer to those wet hair sets, causing so much consternation during the strike restrictions. She has designed a "thirty kerchief," lined with mineral crystals which mop up the water from the hair, while the wearer goes about her business looking charming.

The sheep follow Danny, the goat

DANNY is a snow-white goat belonging to W. Calnan's animal transport business at Central Square, Sydney, this goat has a full-time job as a sheep leader.

He leads the sheep on and off trains and boats, turning aside at just the right moment.

An intelligent, handsome creature, he picked up his sheep-leading knowledge in a couple of weeks, and is the particular pet of the business.

He's two and a half now, and started his job when he was six weeks old—just a kid in fact.

Dan Brabston, who has charge of Danny, can't even go to the local paper shop without being followed down the road. And if Danny is locked up he bleats so loudly that the office workers have to go out and soothe him.

The goat is especially attached to the postman, who brings him a sweet every day. Danny just tolerates women, and when we met him he butted us casually three or four times, chewed our coat-sleeve, and attempted to nibble at our nylons.

Mrs. William Donnellan, whose husband now runs the business, is fond of all the animals which pass through on transit to other countries or to stud farms and stations.

She works in an office separated by a thin wall from bulls, horses, dogs, cats, pigs, and fowls. When business really booms, round the time of the Royal Show or the Sheep Show, Mrs. Donnellan has almost been forced to quit her typewriter to make place for a merino.

Circus horses are also boarded in between shows, but the Donnellans and two of the boys, Joe Harvey and Kevin Spain, remember best of all a pampered Persian cat whose mistress sent an urgent letter from New Zealand. Pussy was to have soup, yolks of eggs, mince-meat, and vegetables. It was a lot of trouble, but the Persian had them.

"Yes," said Mrs. Donnellan, "we really have an interesting time here. We board animals worth thousands of pounds, but they all go. Only Danny here stays put. Don't you, Danny?"

At which Danny put his white head down and gave Mrs. Donnellan the tenderest of butts.

Our Magician and a magic plant

A READER from Robertson, N.S.W., thinks that our popular weekly feature, Mandrake the Magician, must be inspired by the mandrake plant, held in awe in ancient times for its supposed magical qualities, and sent us in support of her claim, a yellowed clipping from an old Canadian paper.

From it we learnt: A traveller in the ninth century B.C. called the mandrake "the tree with the human face." Mandrakes are referred to in the scriptures—Reuben brought one to Leah—and are alluded to in the Song of Solomon. The Greek philosopher Theophrastus called the plant "the human form." Another sage named it "the half-man."

In the middle ages the mention of the word mandrake struck terror into the hearts of even the most placid. Torn from its native earth—dark woods and the shores of sluggish rivers, never penetrated by the faintest glimmer of sunshine—it was said to utter pitiful cries and groans.

Shakespeare refers to the mandrake in "Antony and Cleopatra." In "Romeo and Juliet," he writes: " . . . And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth, that living mortals, hearing them, run mad."

However, the mandrake was admitted to have several more pleasing attributes. If placed in a box containing money, its presence could double the amount. It could also be used for divining buried treasure.

We think this last accomplishment more like the Mandrake we know.

THESE days you're in luck if you know someone coming back from abroad in a ship, or are friendly with one of its officers. They always have hot water, and it's the easiest thing in the world to combine keeping clean with looking up your friends. A fellow-journalist, who's a shipping reporter, says the restrictions don't worry him at all. He has a bath in every ship he meets.

An adventure will be re-lived

NINETY-NINE years ago the ship Margaret sailed from Saint Ann's, Nova Scotia, for South Australia. To-day, at Saint Ann's, a replica is being built, and next year it will sail from there for Australia, keeping as closely as possible to the course taken by the original Margaret.

Aboard the first Margaret were a group of Scottish migrants who had tried life in Nova Scotia, and led by the Rev. Norman McLeod, decided to make a new beginning.

They were disappointed with the land purchasing conditions offered by South Australia, and the State's "lack of rivers," and moved on to Victoria before leaving for New Zealand, where most of them finally settled at Waipu, the descendants speaking Gaelic among themselves until well into this century.

A few families stayed in South Australia and Victoria. Mr. J. A. Dunning, headmaster of Prince Alfred College, Adelaide, is a grandson of a couple named Matherson, who came out in the Spray, one of the ships to follow the Margaret, leaving Saint Ann's a virtual ghost town.

Some years ago descendants of the Nova Scotian settlers met at Wellington, New Zealand, and pooled authentic information about their forebears' adventures. As a result, N. R. McKenzie, a son of one of the original Margaret's passengers, wrote his "The Gael Fares Forth."

ABOUT 250 banks in the United States now have facilities for clients to make deposits or draw money without getting out of their cars. A customer drives into a special car-banking department, places his money or papers in a covered drawer, which projects from the teller's window. The teller pulls the drawer in, does his work, and returns receipts or money to the customer.



Exquisite

Make-up loveliness with the fragrance you adore . . . To use Gemey is to know supreme cosmetic luxury—a loveliness, a fragrance, transcending all others . . . And now you can ask for Gemey, and be sure of securing your needs of these matchless preparations . . . at last sufficient of the precious Gemey ingredients have become available to enable your favourite supplier to meet your requirements—regularly.



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CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

G2.32.47

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?

PROTEX is the pleasant way to avoid offending

Protex with its fragrant bushland tang, makes your daily bath a joy. Protex contains an antiseptic for your protection against infection but is mild and gentle even for baby. Protex is safe. Protex is sure. Protex gives you daily protection against infection and offending. Protex is the soap for your family—put Protex in your bathroom today.

The safe antiseptic soap with the bushland fragrance



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LOVELY CREATIONS IN OUR PARIS COLLECTIONS

Simplicity and richness among ninety outstanding models

By GRETTEL PACKER

Simplicity is more than ever the keynote of the best dressing in Paris, and simple cotton or linen frocks are worn right through the day to late afternoon parties.

Such frocks are décolleté and are worn with big plain black, white, or colored hats.

But there is one great point to note about this fashion. When wearing such frocks and hats it is absolutely essential to be perfectly gloved and shod.

PARISIANS make a great point of never appearing in any public place without gloves, and it is this that gives their ensembles their supreme finish.

Without this touch the décolleté fashion could so very easily become vulgar looking.

These frocks have wide, low necks, and not just the little V or square necks that we are used to here. They are cut down at the back, too.

Paris women love their frocks to be sleeveless, too, so that they are not hampered and are cool.

Over the décolleté frock they wear a scarf or shawl or a scarf-collar, and when they go on from late afternoon parties to dine or dance remove them.

There are many of these scarf-collars in our collection.

These low-necked, sleeveless frocks have the enormous advantage of not getting creased at the elbow or dirty at the neck.

I helped Mrs. Mary Hardern to choose the 90 models included in the parades, and with her I attended the 270 fittings required to have these frocks made for the French and Australian mannequins who will wear them.

Although the clothes we have chosen cannot be reproduced ex-

actly their great value to Australian women is that they incorporate all the latest trends, and are so full of ideas that they will provide endless stimulation to both manufacturers and home dressmakers.

Nowhere outside Paris would you have a chance of seeing such a collection of evening cloaks as those we have brought to Australia, and in Paris you would only see them by visiting a great many different dress houses.

They are lavish, beautiful things. The designers regard them as show pieces and put everything they can into them. These things are not for general sale. They are for princesses or millionairesses.

One of our cloaks cost £350. It is by Jacques Griffe, and is made of ivory satin, the most exquisite shade.

Beautiful lace medallions form a pattern nearly covering it and the pattern of the lace is emphasised by moonlight sequins and scattered diamante.

It is cut in mandarin style and lined throughout with ruby-red chiffon, to match the gown over which it is worn.

Of the 90 models in the collection my favorite is a pale grey linen afternoon frock designed by Jacques Fath. The material is like heavy cotton and the line is so straight it is like a pin.

Stimulating ideas

Director Suzy Le Terrier gives four modelling points to Gwen Wilkinson in these pictures . . .



"MOST IMPORTANT" of all, you must think you look beautiful and you will be beautiful. Persuade yourself, and you will persuade others," Madame tells Gwen, one of two Australian girls taking part in our parades.



"DEBUTANTE FROCK" by Bruyere is ideal for the young girl. Made of white organdie, it has a graduated all-over pattern of fine braid and daisies, made by cutting petals of pique and fastening them with a button.

It is worn with an enormous grey felt hat, also by Fath. The whole ensemble is quite perfect.

Next to the Fath frock I prefer the saxe-blue jersey frock by Gres, made so cunningly that it can be worn back to front. Worn one way it has a delicious, low, wide, square neck suitable for the late afternoon or an informal dinner.

Worn the other way round it is high and draped and looks beautiful under a coat.

Cocktail coats are important and the most perfect cocktail coat in all Paris is the one by Gres that teams with this jersey frock. It is of navy-blue taffeta. Much the same coat was made by Balenciaga in black.

This coat goes well with anything. It suits a big hat just as well as a little hat. Its main feature is an enormous, beautifully styled collar.

It has no sleeves, so there is nothing to crush, and no lining, so that it is extremely light.

For dinner my pick is the white linen gown by Jeanne Lafaurie.

It is absolutely straight, and has a jacket lined with the most perfect

clear-green. The coat is simplicity itself. Wide kimono sleeves turn back nearly to the elbow, the front falls in a straight line, and its only decoration is some simple embroidery, but not too much.

Of all the evening gowns we have chosen my heart goes out most to the black net over white net designed by Gres, and decorated with trails of white flowers made of tissue paper.

A noticeable difference between Parisian and Australian women is the way the former wear hats in the evening, especially big hats. There is no middle course with them. They wear either very big hats or very tiny hats for dinner and dancing.

But in choosing these hats they are very careful to see the brims are not wide in front.

The wearing of big hats for dinner and dancing has brought the elliptical hat right back into favor again after a two years' eclipse.

Worn with these large hats are long, dazzling ear-rings.

For day wear there are plenty of

large hats with as much brim in front as at the side.

Do not be disappointed by the simplicity of the hats we have chosen for our collection.

Hats are very much plainer than they were.

Elaborate decoration is right out and everything depends on the line. These hats are an art.

Their line is everything and they are not just a big straw capeline perched on the head.

Drapes are the newest thing on afternoon frocks, and the best exponents of these are Pierre Balmain and Jean Dessès.

These drapes are designed to suit the individual. Each woman must drape them to suit her own figure, her neck, bust, or waistline.

Five-way frock

OF all the frocks with drapes that we chose, the best, I think, is the Jean Dessès, a navy-and-white spot, with its shoulder drape that can be worn four or five different ways. Schiaparelli is the one designer in Paris who has ignored drapes. Instead, she has used the peaked



"SWING YOUR LEG from the thigh, not from the knee, to give you a soft waist and balance. You must feel free, and knees must have lots of exercise."



"WHEN YOU take a coat off, the action must be studied so that it is graceful. You hold the coat well, keeping its line."



ORDERFUL COLOR of ruby-red is important in this chignon gown by Jacques Griffe, with its simple scarf neck treatment. The coat is a highlight of our collection, and is also by Griffe.

and keeps it well out from the figure.

I think her navy suit in our collection was about the smartest thing I saw, with its peaked collar flowing in a perfect line over the shoulder.

Schiaparelli even peaked her tiny ears. She designed them specially for older and more sophisticated women, whereas Dior's skull-caps are for the very young.

I think one thing well worth mentioning in the parades is the negligee by Schiaparelli. When we looked at it she said, "But surely for the women in Australia you will not wear such a sophisticated negligee." The original was white and black.

We chose it mauve and

pink. It could be made just as well in chiffon, crepe, or velvet.

A frock I must mention is the black jersey from Mad Carpentier. It has two skirts, one full and one draped, and a top that can be worn four ways, so cleverly is it contrived. It can be decollete, high, low, and square, with a cowl or worn over the head as a hood instead of a hat.

Of the bathing suits we have chosen my first pick is the Tahitian print one-piece designed by Carven. Unlike so many of those draped one-piece suits it manages not to look like a chemise.

The black satin lastex suits by Schiaparelli and Marcel Rochas are marvellous, but they are for the



superb figure, whereas the Carven costume is equally flattering for those with less good lines.

Towelling is the big beach news in Paris, and the towelling wrap by Rochas that we have brought here is superb.

We could not include everything we wanted, but another perfect towelling beach ensemble was Schiaparelli's scarf and shorts.

In casual clothes from Worth comes the cunningest gingham blouse, which is worn in the parade with beige velveteen slacks and a bottle-green coat.

The blouse is made without sleeves and right in front it has one huge pocket, so that when the coat is on you just have to put your hand into the deep blouse pocket for your sunglasses or handkerchief.

A major point that the parades illustrate fully is that although straight skirts are in they have by no means ousted the full skirt we had last year. It is simply that the straight line is being used to supplement the fuller line.

UTTERLY SIMPLE in its styling, Molnuez makes this ankle-length white waffle pique frock for cocktails, dinner, or dancing. Decollete bodice is outlined with clusters of flowers made from coarse white lace.

OLDER WOMEN would find this floral frock by Gres splendid for them. It is made with a straight skirt and a marvellous drape which starts at the bust, comes over the shoulder, and falls down the back. Sleeves are cool, can be worn pushed up or worn elbow length.

PARADE ARRANGEMENTS

THERE will be 24 of The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades held in Sydney at the Trocadero, and all bookings can be made there from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on weekdays and from 10 a.m. until noon on Saturdays.

The parades will open with a Gala Dinner Ball at the Trocadero on Monday night, August 22.

Fashion Ball tickets will be £2/2/- each.

Morning and afternoon parades will be held at the Trocadero on August 23, 24, 25, 26, 29 (morning only), 30, 31, and September 1 and 2.

Tickets will be 7/6 each.

The morning parades will begin at 11 o'clock and the afternoon parades at 2.30.

In addition, there will be special parades for business girls at the Trocadero beginning at 5.30 p.m. on August 24, 25, 26, and 31, and at 11 a.m. on August 27 and September 3.

Tickets for the business girls' parades will be 4/- each.

Proceeds from the Paris Fashion Parades this year will go to the R.S.L. Anzac House Building Fund.



"YOU MUST NOT have the arms out like a wandering child. Keep them gracefully toward the back to make the waist look smaller."



Luscious Lemon Pie



... a KRUSTO creation by
ELIZABETH COOKE,
Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



KRUSTO LEMON PIE

Mix Krusto Pastry Mix with water, roll out and line a shallow pie dish. Prick bottom of pastry with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until golden brown. Allow to cool. **Filling:** Soak 2 teaspoons gelatin in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water about 5 minutes. Mix 3 slightly beaten egg yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt in a double boiler. Cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, remove from stove and chill until it begins to set. Beat 3 egg whites until fairly stiff, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, beating continually. Fold into cooled mixture and pour into pie shell. Serves 4.

For honey-gold, light-as-a-breeze, digestible pastry use only KRUSTO Pastry Mix.

You add nothing to Krusto but water. No precious butter, no sugar — Kraft experts put everything in Krusto that's needed for the crispest, tastiest pastry that ever made your mouth water. Ask for Krusto Pastry Mix.

KRUSTO PASTRY MIX

Just add water, mix and roll.

KKC 97

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Mistol

STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, brave the depths of the Atalan Deep in a diving bell. Lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Goes with them. As the mysterious death fire shines on the sea, the descent begins. Under the water great beams of light continue as far down as they

can see. Suddenly there is a crack, the cable breaks, instruments go haywire. A powerful magnetic force pulls them deeper, the walls of the bell tremble. Below they see the dome of Atalan, and strange riders on seahorses approach.

NOW READ ON:



THE ATALAN RIDERS COVER THE BELL WITH THE SAME TRANSPARENT MATERIAL THAT THEY WEAR -- AND THE PRESSURE ON THE BELL IS SUDDENLY RELIEVED...



THE BELL BUMPS LIGHTLY ON THE SEA BOTTOM! "WE ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATALAN DEEP!" MARVELS MANDRAKE. "NO MAN HAS EVER DESCENDED SO FAR BEFORE!" "LOOK!" CRIES NARDA. "DOORS ARE OPENING IN THE DOME!"



THE DIVING BELL IS PULLED INTO THE OPEN DOORWAY IN THE DOME OF ATALAN.



INSIDE THE DOME! WATER IS PUMPED OUT OF THE WATERLOCK. MANDRAKE, NARDA, AND LOTHAR EXCHANGE CURIOUS GLANCES WITH THE PEOPLE OF THIS STRANGE HABITAT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!



INSIDE THE DOME OF ATALAN, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA! MANDRAKE, NARDA, AND LOTHAR STEP OUT OF THEIR DIVING BELL TO FACE THEIR STRANGE CAPTORS!



MANDRAKE EXAMINES THE TRANSPARENT COVERING WORN BY THE WARRIOR. "TRANSPARENT METAL, AS PLIABLE AS RUBBER, STRONGER THAN ANYTHING WE'VE DREAMED OF, MADE TO WITHSTAND THE TERRIFIC WATER PRESSURE OUTSIDE THE DOME."



THEY STEP INTO THE CITY OF ATALAN, AND AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETS THEIR EYES! AN ANCIENT, HIGH CIVILIZATION, TEN MILES UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE SEA!



THEY WALK UNDER THE GOLDEN GLOW THAT COMES FROM THE DOME HIGH ABOVE THEM. "I CAN'T REALIZE THAT THE JASON IS FLOATING TEN MILES OVER OUR HEADS," SAYS NARDA.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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says "You can't
beat Horlicks
for nourishment
and flavour"



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Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to

build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.



Ray Lindwall played his first game for Australia against England in 1946. Since then he has never looked back.

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HORLICKS

8-oz. tin 2/2 16-oz. tin 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas

Cousin Jack, who
counts the barbees, says—



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Guy's, the famous London hospital, claims to be the first hospital in the world to install permanent television for instructional purposes.

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Pictures and story of this wonderful development in August issue of A.M. Now on Sale all newsagents and bookstalls, 1/-

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For the relief of
Rheumatism,
Sciatica, Gout,
Lumbago, Neu-
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**WAWN'S
WONDER WOOL**



BUILDING A NEW EDEN:



WIRELESS EXPERT. Brother Herb Nottingham at microphone of radio station at Eden Park, community farm worked by House of David sect at Ryde, N.S.W. Despite unusual hairdressing styles and patriarchal beards, members use modern machinery and appliances.



VEGETABLE garden is paying proposition at Eden Park, as vegetables are sold in adjacent picnic ground. Here, Jack Anderson shows his son Brian how to use a small rotary hoe.

Flourishing picnic ground and farm provide funds

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

At Eden Park, near Ryde, N.S.W., members of the House of David sect farm 45 acres of land in a community enterprise.

Pooling work, resources, and profits, they have made their property into a picnic ground for hundreds of motorists.

THE community finances are run on a business-like plan, and a bank account under the name "House of David" has been established. Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, who head the community, are trustees of this account.

Vegetables are sold, and payment for lunches, hot water, pony rides, and the hire of tennis courts adds to the funds.

These funds go into a common pool and are distributed according to the needs of the community members. If one member needs a new suit, he goes to Mr. Brown for the money. If one of the women is ill, she is given money to pay medical expenses. So the profits earned by members' hard work return to provide for them.

When a new member joins the House of David he gives all his possessions to the community. For instance, Mr. Percy Minchinton, who recently rejoined the sect after years away from it, brought to the community hundreds of prize cocker spaniels which he had bred, and a new model car. Mr. Minchinton will get no direct benefit from his former belongings, although he will still look after the dogs. His car is used on community business.

When I said that I admired his dogs, he corrected me: "They're not my dogs now," he said. "They're ours!"

If a member wishes, he can leave the community at will. He could then make a claim for any money owing to him. The elderly and ailing members of the sect are supported in their old age by the funds they helped to build up.

Mr. John Brown is a pleasant, brown-eyed man, who wears a neat brown plaid pinned to the top of his head with a hairpin.

He greeted me with a cheerful "Morning," and told me something of the beliefs of his sect.

"I suppose you've noticed my hair?" said Mr. Brown. "You'll see everyone else here with long hair, too. We believe that we follow Jesus by doing this and we pattern ourselves upon Him."

Near us was a group of men. One had a hair-net on under which his hair was bunched tidily, and another had a bun on the top of his head.

"The only short-haired ones are three children," Mr. Brown told me

tolerantly. "If they want to grow their hair later on it's O.K. They can decide that for themselves when they are older."

"It is hard to explain our beliefs," Mr. Brown said. "We are a Christian organisation, and our faith is founded on the scriptures. We say Christian instead of religious, because Benjamin, one of our founders, said that too many crimes had been committed in the name of religion."

"Benjamin came to Australia from America in 1904 and spread the doctrine."

U.S. model

EDEN PARK is modelled on a similar park at Benton Harbor, Michigan, U.S.A., run by the sect in conjunction with a community village they have built there.

Members of the House of David, Mr. Brown said, believe that American-born Benjamin was the Seventh Messenger referred to in the Book of Revelations, and that English prophetess Joanna Southcott was the First.

A little more than 20 years ago Mr. and Mrs. Brown bought the land and pioneered the N.S.W. settlement.

"You know," said Mr. Brown, waving a hand towards the smooth grass where willow trees were growing, "this was just rock when we started. The soil had to be carted and put down, and then the willows and other trees planted."

As the little settlement grew, houses had to be built for married couples, and members built the six houses themselves.

"Married couples usually have a house to themselves," Mr. Brown said, leading the way to his house. It was a solid brick bungalow, surrounded by a garden and well furnished inside.

Mr. Brown's dog, a black Great Dane puppy, bounded over and licked his hand affectionately.

"We're all animal lovers here," said Mr. Brown, patting his large pet.

Mr. Brown said that every day of the week was a working day for the Israelites, as members are known.

"We try to make every day a better one," he explained. "Now and again we have prayer meetings, but have no special day set aside for religious services."

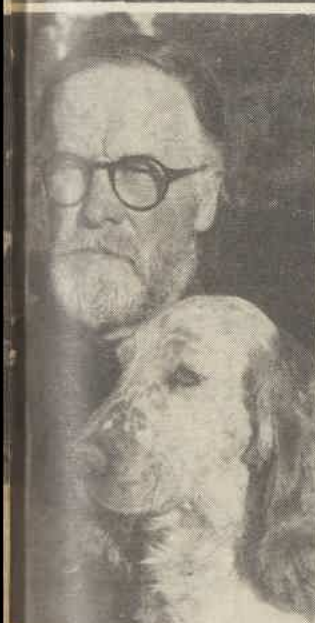


PONY RIDES at the park are supervised by Robert James Matthews. Carol Wilkinson finishes her ride on the Shetland pony, while Gay and Roslyn Smythe and Graham Lamrock await their turn.

Community life of strange sect



HEADS TOGETHER. Jack Anderson wears his hair long, Herb Nottingham tucks his into a hair net, and Frank Mercer plait his hair into a long pigtail. Men are immensely proud of long beards and hair.



PRIZEWINNER Norphen Operture (best cocker spaniel award Royal Sydney Show, 1948) with breeder, Perc Minchinton.

"We're busy all the time," he confessed, "because the 26 of us run a 22-acre farm up at Richmond as well as this park. Our wives work selling vegetables, making lunches, or serving in our new cafeteria. There's no time for slacking here."

"As far as I know, this is the only House of David in the Southern Hemisphere, though we have over 400 followers outside the community that we know of."

These followers don't hold meetings among themselves, but write in to Eden Park for prophetic literature. I was told that members and followers believe that the Biblical prophecies are coming true in our time.

Mrs. Brown told me that it helps in time of trouble to know what to expect, that "before things get better they've got to get worse. But," she added, "the prophecies say they do get better."

Contact is kept with the followers in Australia by letters, and every few



EX-SERVICEMAN Bill Jones joined the House of David after discharge from the R.A.A.F. Bill looks after mechanical equipment.

years preachers tour Australia by car and speak to the general public. They also meet fellow-believers in these tours.

"Not everyone is suited to this community life," said Mr. Brown. "Say a man wants to join us, and his wife is against it. We'd put him off joining, because we wouldn't want to upset a domestic situation. He could belong to our outside followers."

Inside Eden Park members call one another brother and sister.

Mr. Brown took us on a tour of the land. We walked between well-cared-for fields of vegetables; we passed through the dairy which provides the community with milk and cream; through the fowlyard, and into the orchard, where plums, peaches, nectarines, apples, oranges, lemons, and pears are grown.

Visitors, especially children, make straight for the aviaries, where pheasants strut, go to peer at big white turkeys in a yard, or to see the dazzling array of parrots which shriek back at them.

"One of our brothers," Mr. Brown said, "is wonderful with parrots. I've seen them balanced on the brim of his hat and climbing up his beard."

"All our birds are well looked after. When they get too decrepit we send them away, as we never



BUSY Mrs. John Brown serves customers with sweets. Most callers ask for fresh vegetables, new-laid eggs, and get them.

kill anything here. Even the fowls are sent away."

"Although we are vegetarians we may eat eggs, you know."

In the distance we could see the recently acquired cocker spaniels. They bounded around a man who was the centre of all the excitement.

"That's Brother Percy," said Mr. Brown. "He's got some wonderful dogs there. Never been beaten."

"Afternoon," hailed Mr. Minchinton, speaking loudly above the barking. "Here, Dawn." One of the cockers detached itself from the rest and ran up. "You're seeing the Commonwealth Grand Champion Bitch," Mr. Minchinton informed me, stroking the cocker's smooth, beautiful head.

We left the dogs and were discussing the relative merits of a swimming pool or a bowling green as an added amenity at Eden Park, when Mr. Brown paused and looked out over the estate. He sighed with satisfaction and said: "It's been hard work, but it's a life I wouldn't change."

A car turned in at the gate, the driver got out to collect fresh vegetables; on the tennis courts teenagers played a fast game; on the air rose the barking of dogs, the shrieking of parrots; and through it all cut the smart jingle of the cash register.

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A PICTURE TO FRAME—BY LLOYD REES

A splendid reproduction of a Lloyd Rees' masterpiece—"Sunset on Sydney Harbour"—is included in AUGUST issue of A.M. A splendid picture that would grace any room.

August A.M. Now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls, 1/-.

Ringside Maiden Continued from page 7

LEFFY said fiercely. "We got nothing at all. Every now and then I see you and we say a word and you come and watch me fight, and that's all. The way it is, Aggie, we got nothing at all. I can't help it. I know how the odds lie. You did me a big favor when I was right down. I'm not fooling myself. But, still, I got to know how it stands."

Agatha glanced down and bit her lip. Although Lefty had dropped his hand at last, her shoulder muscles still throbbed from the pressure of his fingers. She was very much aware of his physical nearness.

He whispered, "Aggie, look at me, but she did not raise her head. She said, very low, "Lefty, you should know how things stand. I haven't any romantic interest in you, or anybody."

"Look at me, Aggie," Lefty said, and moved nearer her.

"I'm sorry it's got complicated," Agatha said. "I didn't want it to. She raised her head. "I tried to avoid it."

She knew that he was going to kiss her, and she had decided she would let him. When she looked up her eyes met his, level and direct, and she knew very well that she was experimenting with her own emotions.

There was a physical attraction she could not deny, and as his arms went around her a little sigh escaped her. She pushed him away.

"Lefty, I'll admit I'm attracted to you," she said. "But it's only that. I mean it." She pushed his hands away. "Please."

His hands dropped to his sides. "Aggie, I want it straight. It is that other guy? That lawyer out there?"

"It isn't anybody," Agatha said. "I see," he said. "You mean no chance at all."

"Can't we keep it the way it was, Lefty? Just business? Just good friends?"

"Sure. Oh, sure." He drove the knuckles of one hand into the palm of the other, and the slapping noise was loud in the small office. His voice rose.

"Okay, Aggie, we understand each other. Just good friends, that's us. Just business, that's us. I know how it is. I'm just a nobody from the West Side who can use his fists. But let me tell you something. You just stay away from me, and let me fight. You just stay away from me, that's all."

"Lefty, you don't mean that," Agatha said.

"You're right I mean it, Aggie," Lefty said stridently. He snatched the door open, and pushed through the swinging door to the bar.

Agatha sat down on the couch. Her legs were trembling a little and her eyes smarted. She had handled it as best she could, but it had gone very, very wrong. She had known how sensitive he was, and now she saw that he had a temper hot as fire, a thing she understood.

She remained in the office until she was sure of her composure, then she went out to face her mother and Jack Barlow.

Gwen asked bluntly as soon as she reached the table. "What happened back there? Lefty came through here like a football full-back."

"It's his bedtime," Agatha said. "He has to stay in training. Mother, all the time."

"Whom will he fight next time?" Jack asked, and Agatha thought it rather sympathetic of him to help her turn the conversation. She shrugged and said, "I don't know. That's up to Oscar."

Later, Jack dropped Gwen off at the Hotel Westbrook and took Agatha dancing. After they had danced a while and listened to a throaty singer, Jack said, "Agatha, I'm going to take a chance on that temper of yours. I'm going to take up where we left off the other night, and I'm going to say again that I'm jealous of Lefty Langan."

"Go ahead and say it," Agatha said. "But it's nonsense."

"I was watching you to-night at the fight," he said. "It was like watching a child at a puppet show. Your eyes were as big as lollipops."

"Naturally!" she said. "It was a good fight—and if I had any particular feelings, sympathy for Sammy Ventura predominated." She put her hand in his. "Now, look, do we have to go on perpetually analysing everything? Let's just let it ride."

"All right," he said. "Let's dance."

Agatha resented what she felt was nagging on the subject of Lefty Langan. She did not like the feeling that there was pressure on her to assert herself one way or the other, and she was still shaken by the scene with Lefty.

When they returned to the table she said, "We're having fun. Can't

we go on without making a production of it?"

"Of course we can," he said. "If you don't mind the fact that I'm a little bit in love with you, Agatha And," he added, "if you don't mind a small case of jealousy."

Agatha looked at him, bit her lip, and said, "Jack, I settled matters with Lefty Langan to-night. I'm simply not looking for entanglements. I don't want anything like that."

He smiled. "All right, that's understood. But when you do want anything like that, Agatha, I'll be waiting for the signal. Just wave your handkerchief or something."

As she met his eyes, Agatha's lips quivered and she felt burning tears. All at once she was sobbing and fumbling in her handbag for a handkerchief. He pulled out his own handkerchief and passed it to her under the table.

"I guess an uncomplicated life is pretty hard to achieve, Agatha," she heard him murmur.

She whispered, "Will you take me home, Jack?"

He called for the check and paid it, and got her very unobtrusively out of the night-club.

By the time Jack had called a cab and got her aboard it, Agatha's tears had stopped. She said apologetically, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I suppose there's simply been too much excitement and my nerves are on edge. I'm worn out."

She wished then that he would speak, and say what was in his mind. She would rather have a spoken criticism than this unfathomable silence. But he did not speak, and when the cab reached the hotel he made no move to kiss her.

She was grateful for that. She had experienced all the emotional disturbance she wanted that night.

His parting was a warm pat on the shoulder and an unexpectedly friendly smile.

She went to bed, then surprised herself by sleeping soundly through until Gwen telephoned that breakfast was ordered.

Agatha got listlessly out of bed and dressed so slowly that Gwen telephoned again to say that room service had arrived.

At last she went along the corridor

to her mother's room. The door stood ajar, and Gwen was seated at a table by the window, squinting over a grapefruit.

Her good-morning was so cheery that Agatha made a face.

"Now, dear," Gwen said, with a certain breakfast-table gusto that sank Agatha's spirits even lower, "let's have it. You promised to keep me posted, you know."

"I know," Agatha said. She sipped her coffee, met her mother's eyes, and said, "I suppose you know pretty well what it is. Lefty Langan is in love with me. I did everything I could to avoid it."

"Is it something to take so hard?" Gwen said. "Lots of people fall in love every day without reciprocation. It's true there is no reciprocation, isn't it?"

Agatha gave her mother a pale smile. "Mother, I'm upset because of Lefty, not myself. He's sensitive. He has a warm, impulsive nature, and he's easily hurt. I'm afraid I've hurt him. Now he's told me to keep away from him."

In silence Agatha began her breakfast, uncomfortable with the thought that perhaps she had not been entirely honest. Was it true that she had not led Lefty on? There had been the excitement of it, and the bizarreness.

Jack Barlow had sensed her uncertainty. There must have been a quality of expectancy that had influenced Lefty. She put down her knife and fork with a clatter on her plate.

"The ducks are flying at Menaset," Gwen said. "And the trees are turning. It's the best time of the year in Connecticut, Agatha. Let's go back and enjoy it."

"But I do have an obligation, Mother," Agatha said. "I can't run away. I got Lefty back into the ring, and I'm his co-manager. Do you think it would be good for his morale if I went away? No—I've got to see him again, Mother. I can't go all to the country and leave it like it is."

"Kiddy, I'm going to be a parent about this," Gwen said. "You're coming back with me."

Agatha saw her mother's eyes, and saw they had a determined look. Agatha smiled and said, "Yes, Mother, but later this afternoon, I want to see Lefty first. I can catch him at Skelly's Gym about one o'clock."

As she climbed towards the sound of punching-bags, Agatha felt nervous. It was no place for a talk with Lefty, here in Skelly's Gym, at the kitchen door of the fight racket.

The moment she entered the gymnasium she saw Oscar, eating a sandwich at the small lunch counter. He waved his hand and approached her quickly, gulping down his last bite to say eagerly, "Aggie, I got big news. We're going into the Garden."

"The Garden?" Agatha cried.

"We had a break," Oscar said. "Sailor Brennan was gonna fight Steve Williams next week, and Steve pulled a muscle and can't go on. Lefty is going in there against the Sailor a week from to-morrow."

"That's wonderful," Agatha said. "Is Lefty here?"

"Any minute now. Aggie, this Sailor Brennan is pretty good. It won't be no one-rounder this time. The chances are it will go the distance. The Sailor can cover up like a hard-shelled turtle, and he's only been knocked down twice in his professional career. I hope I'm not bringing the boy on too fast."

"We all have confidence in you, Oscar," Agatha said.

"The point is, we couldn't pass up a chance like that," Oscar said. "Of course the boy's a draw, but still we were lucky to get the match, Agatha, and I got a good idea why."

"You mean all this publicity we've had?"

"Yeah," Oscar said. "That's right." He gave her an angled glance. "All this publicity."

But his eyes had drifted away, and Agatha, glancing across the gym, as he had, saw a slim man standing against the wall. She recognised the moustache, the small receding eyes of Monte Wharton. He took off his hat and made an elaborate little bow to Agatha.

Oscar said, "There's our boy now."

She turned, and saw Lefty Langan close beside her at the entrance door. She had not observed before that he had undoubtedly asked the name of a tailor from some other fighter. He was wearing a new, loose-draped suit that emphasised his powerful shoulders.

When he saw Agatha he stopped short. Then he came slowly towards them.

Please turn to page 38

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Just fill in last line in your own words.

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Australian airman's heroism in vivid painting

R.A.F. artist pictures tragic end of Middleton's last flight

By MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

"Middleton's Last Flight"—a symbolic painting of the flight which resulted in the death of a young N.S.W. pilot, Flight-Sgt. R. H. Middleton, and his posthumous award of the V.C.—will soon be hung in the National War Museum in Canberra.

THE painting was recently handed over to the Chief of the Air Staff, Air-Marshal George Jones, at a special ceremony at Mildenhall in England—where Middleton's squadron was based during the war.

The V.C. was awarded to Flight-Sgt. Middleton posthumously because, when returning to base in a disabled plane, he crashed into the sea to avoid injuring British civilians.

The artist who painted the picture—ex-Aircraftman David Smith—

would like to follow his painting to Australia.

Smith, who is 29, thinks Australia would be an ideal place for him and his wife to settle after they have finished their studies.

In their large basement flat in Earls Court, London, the Smiths told me they had already made inquiries about going to Australia. They hoped by the time David had finished his twelve-months British Council Scholarship in Rome next August they would be able to go there direct.

Smith already holds several diplomas as a teacher of painting, and his 24-year-old wife Elizabeth—an ex-W.A.A.F. radar operator—is an accomplished singer, a mezzo-soprano.

David Smith was born in Lowestoft, the son of a fisherman. It was only by hard work, determination, and grit that he overcame difficulties, and by winning scholarships made himself an artist of reputation.

The schooldays of David Smith were not those of a normal youngster. Because he was a delicate boy he was sent to an outdoor school.

"At this school we paid little attention to sums and spelling," he said. "Instead, we were encouraged to take on less arduous tasks. Some of us did basket making, others took to designing. I chose painting."

At 19, Smith was well on the way to becoming a fully qualified teacher of painting by the time he was 24—which would have been a remarkable achievement.

"But I reckoned without a war," he said. "It was declared not long after I started at Framlington."

Early in 1940 David Smith put down his brushes, said good-bye to his school, and joined the R.A.F. He was mustered as an aircraftman wireless operator, and on completion of his wireless course in 1941 was posted to Mildenhall.

Soon after arrival at Mildenhall he started to do work for the War Artists' Advisory Committee.

Some of his works are now in the British National War Gallery. They were purchased by the Advisory Committee, following a one-man touring exhibition Smith conducted for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Aircraftman Smith wanted to play a more active part in the war. He applied to get into aircrew, but his request was refused.



DAVID SMITH, ex-aircraftman, who painted the picture of Middleton's last flight, working in his London studio.

"It was about a month after Middleton's epic flight in November, 1942, that it was first decided to have a painting done," said Smith. "I was asked by the Commanding Officer of 149 Squadron if I could paint a picture depicting the flight."

"I didn't know where to start first. Eventually I located the tail-runner of the aircraft, who had parachuted to safety on the cliffs."

At the edge of the cliff where he had watched his "skipper" and some of his crew go down into the sea, the air-gunner described the scene to Smith—"And I just put it down on canvas."

For seven years the painting hung in the officers' mess of 149 Squadron, Mildenhall, just near the field where Flight-Sergeant Middleton took off for his last flight.

"When it was decided to hand the picture over to the War Museum in Canberra, the present C.O. tried to locate me to 'touch it up,'" Smith told me.

But it was only two days before the actual handing-over ceremony that Smith was located. He immediately travelled to Mildenhall, and for two days worked solidly to restore the painting.

"If I'd had my way I would have done the painting again. My style has changed since then," he said, and added apologetically, "I was only 22 when I painted it."



"MIDDLETON'S LAST FLIGHT," painting by David Smith, which will soon be hung in the National War Museum, Canberra. Inset, R. H. Middleton, V.C., whose heroic flight is commemorated in the painting.



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like a **Waterman's**

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 36

AGATHA said, "Hello, Lefty," but before Lefty had a chance to speak Oscar said, "Lefty, I got a fight for you in the Garden. Steve Williams got himself hurt, and we're gonna fight the Sailor."

"Sailor Brennan?" Lefty said. "Say, he's number three in the division. He'll be tough, Oscar."

"Lefty, do you have time for a cup of coffee?" Agatha said. "I'd like to talk to you."

Oscar said, "Excuse me a minute. I got to talk to a guy."

Abruptly he walked away, and they were left alone together. In a corner where the lunch counter projected from the wall, Agatha said, "I couldn't leave it the way it was, Lefty."

At last his eyes met hers and he smiled. "It's okay, Aggie. We got nothing to talk about. Everything is okay. We're good friends," he said. "So let's shake on it."

His big hand took hers and squeezed it hard, then he turned and walked off towards the locker rooms.

Agatha stood watching the stiff movements of his shoulders and was taken by surprise when a low voice beside her said smoothly, "Think your boy can take the Sailor? I suggested the bout."

Agatha turned. Monte Wharton was smiling and tapping a cigarette on a silver case. Agatha looked at his carefully manicured hands, tapping the cigarette. His smile broadened and he put the cigarette in his mouth and lit it.

"We'll take any bout we can get, Mr. Wharton," Agatha murmured. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a train to catch."

"Don't rush off," he said. "I'd like to talk to you about your boy. You called me the other day, wanting to buy that little piece of him."

"Yes," Agatha said, with eagerness. "Will you sell?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I was thinking about what you said about too many cooks. I was thinking maybe you'd like to get off the back-burner yourself, Miss Christopher. Maybe you want to sell me your interest."

"No," she said quietly. "Mr. Gumper and I wouldn't think of it. Not a chance, Mr. Wharton."

"I'm interested in the boy," Monte Wharton said. "I can do him some good. Miss Christopher, I got connections in this game."

He went on softly: "Gumper is a good man. I'd want to keep him in there, handling the boy. But, Miss Christopher, this is no game for a woman. Look here, you think Lefty Langan likes it, having a dame hold a cut of his purses? Just ask him."

"I will," Agatha said. "But I don't care to discuss it any more. I won't sell, and that's final."

Monte moved away, and Agatha caught Oscar's eye as she went towards the door. He joined her on the landing and she said, "Oscar, he was after me to sell him my share of Lefty."

"I had an idea that was it," he said.

"But tell me something, Oscar. Does Lefty resent me owning that share?"

"I wouldn't say that he resented it, Aggie," Oscar said slowly. "But Lefty's kind of mixed up. He don't know what he wants. Last night he was pretty hot and he bent my ear most of the night, but he'll get over it. You did all right, Aggie. You're okay."

"But it does hurt," she said. "It hurts pretty deep, Oscar. We started off so well. I suppose the best thing is to sell my interest and get out of it."

"To Monte Wharton?" Oscar cried, with sudden anger. "Sell to Monte Wharton? No, you won't, Aggie! Now see here, you forget that boy's sulks. Pay no attention to what he says. Aggie, hang on to your share. You're not gonna sell to Monte Wharton."

"It might be best for Lefty, Oscar."

"The best for Lefty is for you and me to stay behind him," Oscar said. "Let me handle this, Aggie. I'll bring him around. Now, listen here, you got to make me a promise. We'll stick together on this. We won't either of us do anything without consulting the other. That okay with you?"

"That's okay," Agatha said. He put out his hand, and they shook hands. Agatha whispered,

"Oscar, I hope Lefty will understand some day how good a friend he had in you."

Oscar grinned self-consciously. "You coming in for the Brennan fight, Agatha?"

"I wouldn't miss a fight, Oscar," she said. "Please tell him I'll be there at ringside."

"I'll tell him," Oscar said.

She turned, and went down the dingy stairs. She felt nervous and exhausted, and she was glad now that she was going to Menasset. When she met Gwen at the station she said lightly, "Well, it's good to get away from the gym."

"Did you see Lefty?"

"Yes, Mother. He's going to fight in Madison Square Garden. It's his big chance."

"Was that all you talked about, Agatha?"

"Everything is straightened out, Mother."

She hoped it was true, and in the days at Menasset she tried to achieve a sense of peace and relaxation. She sought to convince herself that the incident was closed, but an uneasy pricking remained in her breast whenever she thought of Lefty Langan.

One day, meeting Charlie Harper on the golf course, she met his tentative gesture of amends halfway and agreed to go out to dinner with him.

They did not mention the New Haven fight, and it was only towards the end of dinner that he spoke of Lefty Langan.

"You know I showed your fighter a property, Agatha?" he said. "He came into my office one day with that red-head. What's her name again?"

"Lucille Long," Agatha said. "What sort of property?"

"She was interested in one of those roadside places on the shore, a dairy bar down towards New Haven."

"I remember Lefty mentioned they were looking over restaurants," Agatha said. "But I don't think you'll make a sale there. It was just curiosity."

"Oh, I didn't think it would come to anything," he said.

THE days passed listlessly after that. Agatha did not arrange to see Charlie again. She looked through the sports pages each day for items about the Brennan-Langan fight, and saw the odds were two to one on Brennan.

Not having heard from Oscar Gumper, Agatha telephoned Leo's Place one night and found him there. He said at once, "Aggie, I been meaning to call you, but we've been working like dogs for this Brennan fight."

"But, Oscar, isn't there anything I can do to help?" Agatha said. "I feel like a shirker, just rusticated out here."

"Just rusticate some more," Oscar said.

"Tell me, have you heard anything from Monte Wharton?"

"Not a thing, Aggie."

"That sounds good," Agatha said. "Then I'll see you soon, Oscar. The night of the fight."

Jack Barlow telephoned twice from New York, and they had rather meaningless talks that ran up overtime. The only mention of Lefty Langan was as a fighter, as the boy who was meeting Sailor Brennan in the Garden, and Jack's second call was to ask whether Gwen was also going to the fight.

Gwen said, "Oh, you two don't want me."

So on the day of the fight Agatha went alone to New York, and checked in as usual at the Westbrook. Jack called for her there at seven, and Agatha experienced a calm, relaxed pleasure in seeing him again.

As they were having dinner he said, "You know, Agatha, you've changed. You've quietened down."

"Maybe you're right, Jack," she said. "I'm a girl who's had her fling. The excitement isn't there any more. I don't mean I'm not excited about to-night's fight. I just mean I'm not on the edge of my chair any more."

"The calm before the storm, maybe, Agatha," Jack suggested.

Please turn to page 39

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Hearing Aid Batteries

Ringside Maiden Continued from page 38

It was Agatha's first fight in Madison Square Garden, and as the cab approached she saw Lefty's name in lights on the marquee.

"I suppose you know that the Garden is pretty well sold out," Jack said. "You'll make some money to-night."

They went down through the humming aisles to their ringside seats, and there were apparently a few club fight regulars in the Garden, because Agatha was recognised and the whistles came down from the gallery.

Over opposite them, a man raised his hand in a discreet salute, and Agatha saw Monte Wharton's thin smile. She nodded to him, and sat down.

The pattern of a fight was familiar to Agatha. The end of the semi-final bout, the delay to get the main event on at radio and television time, the arrival of the boxers in the ring, the lowering of the microphone.

Then came the introduction: "In this corner, wearing black trunks, weighing one hundred fifty-eight and one-quarter pounds, Lefty Lang-

Lefty raised his hand, and the pale-blue bathrobe swung loosely from his shoulders. His fan had faded and his face looked white under the lights, his hair very black. He had not glanced towards Agatha from the moment he came down the aisle and climbed through the ropes.

Sailor Brennan was a burly man, with tremendous shoulders, but Agatha thought he looked soft around the middle. She wondered if Oscar had instructed Lefty to go for the body.

When the bell rang, Lefty did not come out with a rush. He moved slowly to meet the Sailor, and the first blow struck was a light left jab. All through the first round the boxers feinted and sparred, and when Brennan tried to get in close Lefty circled and jabbed with his left to hold him off.

In the second round the pace quickened. Brennan had a bobbing style; his strategy was to get inside and mail Lefty in the infighting, wearing Lefty down with the weight of his huge shoulders.

At the end of the round Agatha saw patches of red skin on Lefty's ribs. "Your boy is going to take some punishment to-night, Agatha," Jack said.

The third round was another

three minutes of almost constant mauling. Lefty tried to break, time and time again, but Brennan moved in, forcing the fight until Lefty tied him up, and the referee broke the clinch. There was blood on Lefty's face at the end of the round.

Jack offered Agatha a cigarette, and she realised that already she had created a litter of half-smoked cigarettes at her feet. She had been smoking constantly without even being aware of it.

The Sailor came out for the fourth round with confidence, and almost immediately was in close in the middle of the ring, forcing Lefty towards the ropes. This time Lefty managed to break, and as he moved back he brought up a whistling uppercut that missed by inches.

"That's the idea," Jack said. "He wants to straighten him with an uppercut. If he can do that, he might have a chance."

"A chance," Agatha said. "What do you mean?" "I mean he's losing the fight."

Agatha had not seen it that way, but, watching closely, she saw that Lefty was landing few blows, and his powerful left hook was impotent. Brennan was blocking beautifully, and driving rights to Lefty's body.

The fifth round was like the fourth, with Lefty manoeuvring to escape the ropes and the Sailor pressing in. Once Lefty landed a left hook, and there was a shout from the crowd. But he was backing away and the blow did not slow Brennan in the least.

Towards the end of the round Lefty loosed another uppercut that did not miss. It caught the Sailor high on the chest, and Agatha heard his grunt, but he kept moving in, forcing the fighting.

The bell rang for the sixth round, and Oscar lifted Lefty by the armpits and shoved him forward.

Brennan, boring in, had Lefty pinned against the ropes directly above Agatha, and she saw that Lefty was blocking, but hardly landing a blow himself.

He escaped from the ropes, but the Sailor was instantly inside again, and Lefty was backedpedalling across the ring. But as he moved sideways he swung a desperate uppercut that caught Brennan on the jaw.

Agatha saw Brennan's head up, his guard down, and even as the roof went up from the crowd, she saw Lefty hook his left to the Sailor's head.

Brennan was staggered and moved back, covering up, and Lefty, like a dog pawing at a porcupine for a vulnerable spot, stabbed him with lefts, then landed another uppercut. Brennan's guard dropped and Lefty landed rights and lefts,

saw Lucille Long. She and Lefty were sitting with Monte Wharton, and there were two significantly empty chairs.

Monte got to his feet, smiling blandly. "Glad you could come. We appreciate it. You know everybody?"

"Congratulations, Lefty," Agatha said, and put out her hand. "It was a wonderful fight."

"Thanks, Aggie," Lefty said. The old grin appeared.

"Did you see the fight, Lucille?" Agatha asked.

"On television," Lucille said. "I caught it down at Leo's Place."

Agatha looked directly at Lefty. "Where's Oscar?" she asked.

Lefty said shortly, "Oscar went on home."

Monte Wharton said, "Will you people excuse me a minute? I got to make some phone calls."

He was gone and a waiter began twirling a bottle of champagne in a bucket.

Lefty looked at Agatha. His eyes had a sombre glow. "Aggie, I'm in the big time now."

Lucille said eagerly, "If he's handled right he'll be middleweight champion of the world, Aggie. You see if he ain't."

"I've always thought he would be," Agatha said. "I've always had confidence in Lefty and Oscar."

"The Sailor fought a draw with Blackie White," Lefty said. "You know that, Aggie? Blackie White is in line for the title, and the best he could get was a draw off the Sailor, but I knocked the Sailor out. I could take Blackie White."

"You bet you can, Lefty," Lucille said.

Agatha said, "Quite a change has come over you, Lucille. Last talk we had you wanted Lefty to leave the ring. You hated fights."

"Yes, I hate fights," Lucille said, flushing. "But Lefty's in the big time now, Aggie. I think he's got a right to fight for the title, and I think he's got the right to pick his own manager."

"So that's it," Agatha said.

YES, that's it," Lucille said. "Now, look here, Aggie, you've had your fun. Why don't you sell to Monte?"

Agatha turned to Lefty. "Is that what you want, Lefty?"

Lefty still sat looking at his hands. "I'm not criticising, but what's the facts of it? It was Monte Wharton got me that Brennan fight to-night, and it was that fight put me in the big time."

"So you want me to get out now?" Agatha asked. Her voice shook a little, but not with anger. She fought to control the tears that were burning behind her eyes.

A low, biting voice rang in Agatha's ears, saying, "This is a fine example of greedy ingratitude." She turned her head. It was Jack speaking, and his deep, angry tone surprised her.

"She picked you up out of the gutter," Jack said. "Why do you think you're where you are to-night? Because she picked you up and nursed you like a sick cat and put you back on your feet again."

Lefty's head jerked around and his hands became fists on the table-top. "Nobody asked you into this argument."

"I'm in it," Jack said. "And don't you forget it. I'm not going to sit by and see you treat this girl like this. I saw you that night, after you were knocked out by Eddie Manolo. You were down and out. You had left the ring and were going back to jerking sodas. You'd be there now, in the drugstore, if it weren't for Agatha."

Lefty said harshly, "That's enough out of you, Slim."

"I haven't finished," Jack said. "I'm telling you, Lefty, and you're going to listen. Agatha spent her money and gave freely of her time to put you back on your feet, and the first cheap gambler who comes along with a proposition, you're ready to sell your good friend out."

Lefty started to his feet, and his chair went crashing backward. Jack also was on his feet, jarring the table so that Agatha's glass went over.

"You're asking for a sock on the jaw, mister," Lefty said.

"All right, I'm asking for it," Jack faced him across the table. "What are you going to do about it?"

Lefty's fist was clenched, Agatha cried, "No, don't!" and Lucille's strident voice said, "Sock him, Lefty!"

To be continued



over-anxious, hurried blows. But some of them went home, and all at once Brennan was sagging helpless on the ropes and the referee had moved in and was pushing Lefty away, stopping the fight. Brennan was out on his feet.

Now Agatha heard the Garden in full cry. She, too, was shouting and jumping up and down, clapping her hands. She looked at Jack and cried, "How do you like our club fighter?"

He grinned. "It was quite a fight."

Monte Wharton came around the corner of the ring. He smiled at Agatha. "Your boy did good."

"He was terrific," Agatha said.

"This sets him up in business," Monte Wharton said. "Nobody ever knocked the Sailor out before. He's on his way, Miss Christopher."

"To the championship, you mean?" said Agatha.

Monte grinned. "Yeah, he might do it, with the right handling. My offer still stands, if you want to talk it over."

"No," Agatha said.

He spread his small hands. "I never argue with a woman. What I want to say is, this is a big night for your boy, and we're having a little party at the Club Pigalle. Why don't you come around?"

"I'm sorry," Agatha said. "I have a date."

"Your date's welcome," Monte said. "Come if you can." He waved his hand and moved off.

Watching him go, Agatha said, "I wonder what he means?" "Maybe we'd better find out," Jack murmured. "Suppose we have a drink somewhere and talk about it."

They had a drink in a Broadway bar, and the more they talked about it the more convinced Agatha was that they should go to the Club Pigalle. They allowed an hour to pass, then walked down Broadway and across to the Club Pigalle.

The head waiter had the distrustful expression of a sideshow Barker. He led them among the tables to the far side of the night-club, to a table far from the dance floor and the microphone. The lights were dim, and laid a greenish hue on the tablecloths, and human skin looked dark and unhealthy.

They emphasised the dark swelling of Lefty's nose and did nothing for the complexion of the red-haired girl seated beside him. Agatha stopped short when she



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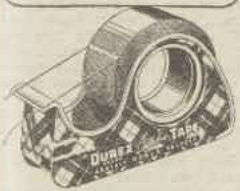
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TWO small blue
eyes widened at me. "Oh, no, Mr.
Patterson. She's the most popular
person—"

And at that moment Emily her-
self swept through, pursued by a
pack of reporters.

"The Press," explained my
fiancee's secretary knowingly. "It's
always like this after a news con-
ference."

"Emily," I said to myself. "Emily,
what's happening to us? Where
have you gone? This isn't my world
—and I didn't dream it was yours
either. Last week-end you were
different. Human. A pretty girl
falling in love."

"And what are you now? The
personal assistant to the president
of Consolidated Plastics. A suc-
cess. And what am I? A struggling
engineer. With plenty of ambition,
but not much else."

"Why did you fall in love with me,
my darling? How can you possibly
stay in love with me? What have I
got to offer you, when you've already
got so much? Oh, Emily, I wish
you'd been the illegal immigrant."

She came out of her office in a
rush. "Darling, I'm sorry to have
kept you waiting."

I took her to lunch at a restau-
rant where I'd eaten once before—
when I had an expense account
to entertain a client. But Emily
had to have the best.

"I like this place," she said inno-
cently, and that decided it. I knew
what I had to do.

Over coffee, I suggested breaking
our engagement. "You can't really
want to marry me," I said. "It must
be an infatuation. What can I give
you, when you've already got every-
thing?"

She corrected me. "I've got every-
thing now I've got you. Oh, darling,
don't you realise that nothing else
means anything to me any more? I
love you. I'm twenty-eight, I know
my own mind and I do want to
marry you. Besides, I'm giving up
my job."

"That's nonsense. You can't
throw away a career like yours."

She smiled. "I can if you'll sup-
port me."

I was telling her that I couldn't
support her on caviar, and she was
telling me that she hated sea food,
anyway, when a shadow loomed over
our table—a shadow belonging to a
big, handsome man. So big and
handsome that I maned slightly.

"Darling, do you feel all right?"
asked Emily.

"No," I said.

"Do you want a drink of water?
An aspirin?"

"No," I said. "Just introduce me
to the gentleman."

She did, and he was George Cun-
ningham, and the name meant
something, but I couldn't place him
immediately. What I could place
was the fact that he was in love
with Emily.

He sat down and they talked
about people they knew and places
they knew and every few minutes
Emily looked across at me anxiously
and said, "You know the Haskells
(or the Chalmers, or the Westlakes),
don't you, darling?" and I said,
"No."

As I was taking her back to her
office, Emily said, out of a cool
silence, "You weren't very nice to
George, darling."

"I hope I was obnoxiously rude,"
I said.

"Didn't you like him?"

"No, Emily, I did not. He's in love
with you. He's obviously very
wealthy. He's too sure of himself.
What's more, he's the man people
will say you ought to have married."

I didn't hear from Emily for three
days after that, and I suffered all
the tortures of jealousy, misery and
rage, not helped by the fact that I
discovered George was executive
vice-president of Associated Indus-
tries.

When she rang me her voice was
as calm and untroubled as if we had
parted on the best of terms half an
hour previously.

"Mark," she asked, "could we be
married on April twenty-fourth?"

"We could," I said. "Only . . . a
month? Is that long enough?"

"Quite long enough," she said. "I
ordered the invitations this morn-
ing and they'll be ready next week.
Did you know invitations have to be
sent out three weeks before the wed-
ding? I had no idea until George

Isn't Emily Marvellous!

Continued from page 9

told me. George," she went on, "in
being very helpful. In your ab-
sence," she ended pointedly.

Emily went into the business of
organising the wedding with the
same drive, enthusiasm, and ability
she had used in organising Consoli-
dated Plastics. She drew up beauti-
ful, readable lists of things she had
to do and things I had to do.

After dinner in her apartment, I
would spur myself to action. "To-
morrow I must call the people about
the cars for the wedding party," I
would say; or, "On Saturday, we'd
better go and see about the flowers
for the church." And she would
smile at me and say, "That's all
right. I did it this morning."

And then, three weeks before the
wedding, the boss sent for me. The
company had to build a bridge in
Mexico. In the wilds of Mexico. I
was to help the company build it.
Just like that. Oh . . . and I was
to leave in three weeks. That was
all. Thank you, Patterson.

"A minute, sir," I said. "I'm being
married in three weeks."

"Well?" Grey eyebrows beetled at
me.

"Well—my wife—"

"Take her along," said the boss
amiably. "It's pretty rough terri-
tory, but wives are allowed and the
company will pay her fare. Make it
a honeymoon."

"But—" I said.

"Don't you want to go?" he asked
me.

"It's not that I don't want to go,
but—" I said. Two months earlier,
I should have been crazy to go.

"Now listen, Patterson," he said.
"This is a ticklish job. It shows our
confidence in you that we have
chosen you. If you don't want to go
you can stay here, but you will, I
tell you frankly, be passing up your
big break."

I got up. "All right," I said, "I'll
go."

I would go, but Emily should not.
I would simply refuse to take her
with me. I would not take her to
the wilds of Mexico. I had an after-
thought. Emily, of course, would
not want to go.

I told her about the job. "My
whole career's at stake," I ended. "I
can't refuse to go. But I won't take
you into the jungle. I will not."

"But, darling," said Emily, "it's a
wonderful opportunity. I always did
want to go to Mexico."

"Emily," I warned, "you won't like
it. It'll be hot and uncomfortable
and there'll be mosquitoes and . . ."

"I wonder what clothes I should
take," mused Emily. "You'd better
ask your boss what clothes women
wear in the jungle."

And so, when he was telling me
what I should need, I did.

"Your fiancée ask you that?" he
said.

"Yes."

He gave me the sort of look that
told me quite plainly that he was
ashamed of himself for putting the
Mexico project ahead of my personal
interests.

"What else did she say?" he asked.
"Nothing."
"Nothing."
"Nothing."

"H'm-m-m," he said. "Remark-
able girl."

People began to give parties for
us, parties which were all much the
same, with mobs of people scream-
ing, "Isn't Emily marvellous?"

George's grandmother, with whom
he had lived as a boy, gave a party
for us at her town house. I was re-
assured when we went inside to a
gloomy room liberally sprinkled with
bric-a-brac. Even the pictures on the
walls were dull and mid-Victorian-
looking.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or
write clearly in ink, using only
one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500
to 6000 words; articles up to 1500
words. Enclose stamps to cover
return postage of manuscript in case
of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts,
but we accept no responsibility for
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The Australian Women's Weekly, Box
6083W, G.P.O., Sydney.

After two minutes I lost Emily.
That was inevitable. It always hap-
pened. Hoping to look unobtrusive,
I went up to one of the dustiest-
looking pictures and had just dis-
covered that the signature was
Whistler when a hand tapped me
on the shoulder.

"Aren't you Emily's young man?"
asked George's grandmother.

"I'm her fiancé," I said.

George's grandmother scowled.
She had stepped straight out of
1899, complete with silver-topped
cane and black velvet choker.

"That's nonsense," she said.
"Emily should be marrying my
grandson."

"Your grandson may want to
marry Emily, but Emily wants to
marry me," I said.

"Can you support her? Do you
think you can make her happy?"
she demanded.

I said, "I'm very doubtful."

"I understand you're going to
drag her off to Mexico. Do you think
it's fair to her? She'll be lonely;
she'll be bored. She may catch
some jungle disease. Her brain—I
believe she has a brain—will rot
away. Do you really think it's
fair?"

"No, I don't," I said. "But Emily
wants to go, and I'm going to take
her."

George's grandmother cackled.
"Young man, I like you. You've got
spirit. I shall congratulate Emily,"
She turned.

"Just a minute," I said. "Do you
think Emily is marvellous?"

She smiled at me, and for half a
second she was the most fascinating
woman in the world. "I think she's
a very nice little girl," she said.

I charged across the room.
"Emily," I said, "we're leaving. I
feel like talking to you. Alone."

Emily's eyes widened. Then she
smiled. "Oh, good," she said.

We had our blood tests. We got
the licence. Everything was ready.
Pamela Thompson was to be matron
of honor, Jim Thompson best man.
The president of Consolidated Plas-
tics was to give Emily away.

And then, the afternoon before
the wedding, I rang her up.

"Emily," I said, "have you seen
the evening papers?"

"No. Why? What's happened?"

"They've had an earthquake in
Mexico. We can't be married."

"That," said Emily icily, "is what
academic people would call a non
sequitur."

"Emily," I begged, "be reasonable.
I can't take you to a place where
they have earthquakes."

Please turn to page 48

HIS STOMACH was to Silas Ruddy

A very interesting study—



He never knew just how he'd feel
Within an hour of any meal.
Thus if the wife should say to Si,
"Do try a bit of this here pie—
It's come out perfect, past all question,
The very thing for your digestion!"
Poor Silas would. And in a bit
He'd wish he'd never heard of it.
For stomach-pains would give him zip
As indigestion got a grip.

One day his Ma came on a visit.
And said, "That's never Silas, is it?
Here, boy! I know the thing for you—
See these nice Rennies? Just take two,
And suck 'em, slowly, one by one—
They'll stop the pain from coming on!
They're wrapped, so keep some in your
pocket.
Pooh! Indigestion! You can mock it!"

Now, Silas is a mighty eater,
And no one's temper could be sweeter.

End stomach upsets with two Digestif Rennies, sucked slowly, one after the
other. Rennies five-fold formula quickly, but gently, neutralises acids and
restores normal digestion. If Rennies fail to give you speedy relief, you
should see your doctor. From any chemist—separately wrapped, convenient
to carry. 3/- a packet or four times the quantity for 3/6.

DIGESTIF

RENNIES

relieve the pain of indigestion



DR 216

Cold
coming on?
Take a couple of
ANACIN
TABLETS INSTEAD!



They work quickly and safely because, in them, pure Aspirin is balanced with Phenacetin, Caffeine and Quinine, the products known to fortify and sustain the effects of Aspirin whilst eliminating undesirable after-effects.

Thousands of doctors and dentists throughout the world recommend Anacin for the relief of pain, because they know it is just like a prescription. Four ingredients which dissolve quickly and work with amazing speed. Naturally, Anacin costs a little more—but it does a great deal more for you.



ANACIN
For SAFE and QUICK relief

Teen-age French girl in British films

Anouk Aime refused offer of Hollywood career

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Once again British films have reached across the Channel and plucked a budding star from under the nose of Hollywood.

This time they are starting young, for the star is Anouk Aime (pronounced "aymay"), who, at 17, is getting as many kind words from the critics as that glamorous grandmother, Marlene Dietrich.

PINEWOOD removed the wrapping from their latest secret not so long ago, which permits me to report to you the vital statistics and other personalia of Anouk Aime, pert Parisienne, one of the few among a host of new maybes marked down as a certainty for international stardom.

Anouk is blonde, lank-haired, a careless dresser, has a wide and perfect smile which is the more valuable because it only comes rarely.

She has large eyes fringed with long lashes, her greatest asset for those revealing close-ups where only the eyes and the thoughts behind them can tell the story. Her eyebrows are dark, wide, thick, with not a hair plucked.

She has scarcely a lot of glamor or chocolate-box prettiness, but instead, a something which is at its best before the camera—a thoughtfulness, an air of young and pensive mystery.

I saw Anouk for the first time in a French film in Paris called "The Lovers of Verona," a picture of strange flavors and alarming whimsies which had little to recommend it save one resounding triumph—a new star of surprising maturity and subtlety of talent.

When I first rang one of my old pals in Pinewood Studios and asked to meet Anouk he sounded a little strained, and said in a pleading voice, "Look, old boy, could you leave it for a while? She's learning English like mad, and she's very busy, and there are appointments with the stills man, and..." and his voice trailed away in a string of alibis.

With all this, here was refreshing evidence that they were grooming a star, and for reasons best known to themselves keeping it hush-hush till a moment the men guiding her destiny judged to be propitious.

Well chosen

IPRESENT her discovery to you as the most inspired piece of talent scouting I have heard of, because Anouk was not chosen after auditions, or being seen at work, or haunting studios and agents' offices, or doing anything more likely to attract the fired gaze of a film director than walking along the Rue du Colisée on her way to a music lesson.

She stopped and looked a little indignant when a man said, "Hey, Mademoiselle!"

She waited, "Would you like to act in films?" he asked. "Certainly," said Anouk to director Henri Calef, whose flash of judgment, vindicated brilliantly by Anouk's subsequent debut in "The House Under the Sea," is now a matter of reverent envy among all the other French producers who dream of finding a first-rank star.



ANOUK AIME, newest French star for British films, shares an outdoor luncheon with her fellow star, Trevor Howard, on location in Tunis for "The Golden Salamander." The film is directed by Ronald Neame for the J. Arthur Rank Organisation.

Marcel Carne, a director almost without peer among the brilliant film-makers in Europe to-day, was quick to recognise her talent.

Apart from casting her in her next film, he told English director Ronald Neame about her. Neame flew to Paris, bought a ticket to see "The Lovers of Verona," and on the strength of this signed Anouk for "The Golden Salamander," opposite Trevor Howard.

Anouk—who adopted this name from her first film role—debated an offer from David O. Selznick for Hollywood and one from J. Arthur Rank for England—and chose England.

"Hollywood—it would want to change me," she explained, watching her newly learned English very carefully. "First zey would take away my eyebrows, zen would say, 'You ave not, x hair-do r-r-right,' zen I wait for maybe one year with nuzzing to dol No, I come to England and stay like myself!"

Anouk, not to be dazzled, showed a shrewdness in negotiating her contract which would have done credit to a veteran. In fact she got the sort of contract which only established stars or acting prodigies can secure. Britain wanted her for a seven-year contract, which covers the larger part of a star's career—if the career lasts even as long as that. Anouk said, flatly, "No—four years. And please, only to make one picture a year."

She got her way. For the rest of the year, Anouk is free to travel or rest, or choose to make a film for anybody else, anywhere in the world.

She and Trevor Howard have returned from location in the desert around Tunis for filming of "The Golden Salamander" and are now on the set at Pinewood.

It is most likely that her other one or two films a year, which she plans to make independently of her contract, will be made in England.

Do You Know?
FEW YOUTHS HAVE GOOD TEETH!

ONLY 10 OUT OF EVERY 100 YOUNG PEOPLE IN WHITE MEN'S CITIES HAVE GOOD TEETH AT THE AGE OF 18! KEEP YOUR TEETH SOUND, HEALTHY AND WHITE WITH REGULAR KOLYNOS BRUSHINGS. THOSE SWIRLING KOLYNOS BUBBLES REMOVE FOOD FRAGMENTS—PREVENT DENTAL DECAY.

FISH COVERED WITH TASTE BUDS!
THE TASTE-BUDS OF SOME FISH ARE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE BODY! YOUR TASTE-BUDS ARE CONCENTRATED ON YOUR TONGUE. THAT'S WHY SMOKING AFFECTS THEM. MANY HEAVY SMOKERS FIND KOLYNOS LEAVES THE MOUTH COOL AND REFRESHED!

CAT BRUSHES TEETH!

ON NEW JERSEY (U.S.A.) A 6-YEAR-OLD CAT JUMPS ONTO ITS OWNER'S WASHBASIN EACH MORNING AND BRUSHES ITS OWN TEETH!

TEETH of IRON!

IN 1597 A FRENCHMAN INVENTED FALSE TEETH MADE FROM IRON, WAX AND PEARLS! MAKE YOUR SMILE ATTRACTIVE...BREATH SWEET...WITH ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS.

You'll love the "FEEL" OF KOLYNOS

More CASH in YOUR POCKET!

KOLYNOS SAVES YOU MONEY BECAUSE IT'S CONCENTRATED. GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE—HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

KOLYNOS CLEANS BETTER, TASTES BETTER, LASTS LONGER.

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Radio comic LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to help fight crime. While he is dancing with JUNE FARRELL his jet-jalopy is stolen by HAROLD SQUARE, who uses it to rob a bank. Police planes chase the jalopy, thinking Funnyman is the thief. Larry determines to clear his name and recapture his wonderful jet-jalopy.

As I Read
the
STARS

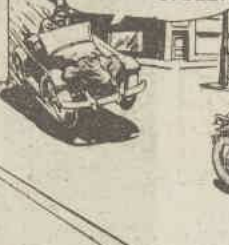
by WYNNE TURNER.

OUT OF THE TEMPLE TOWERS
BASEMENT SPEEDS A COMIC
FIGURE ON A WEIRD CONTRAPTION.



SIGHTING
HIS Foe
HAROLD
SQUARE
ACCEPTS
THE
CHALLENGE!

JET-JALOPY
VS
TRIX-CYCLE!



HAROLD SQUARE UNLEASHES A
POWERFUL BLAST OF COMPRESSED
AIR AT HIS OPPONENT.



(SIGH!) - WOTTA
SHAME! - TO THINK
I'M BATTLIN' TH
JET-JALOPY...
ME OWN CREATION



VER GOOD OLE
JET-JALOPY
IS OUT TO
DESTROY YOU
THIS TIME BUB



AS A HEAVY CEMENT BLOCK SWOOPS DOWN
TOWARD HIS ADDLEPATED NOODLE, FUNNY-
MAN RELEASES A SPRING-CONTRAPTION.



ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A rather quiet but harmonious week if you keep a watchful eye on your finance during August 17 and 18. The good aspects of August 21 can be used to good purpose in matters relating to correspondence, outings, personal expression, or study.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Your home or family affairs may call for some attention this week. Avoid over-generosity on August 17, keep to ordinary routine until August 21, when fresh energy should stimulate you in some new scheme or plan.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Self-assurance and clear perception should help you in most activities you have in hand, especially as you near August 21. However, be discreet during August 17 and 18, lest social or religious disputes occasion you annoyance.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A desire for expansion, especially in your financial interests, may be felt this week. Go carefully in all investments, and in buying or selling, during August 17, 18, 19, and 20. August 21 and 23 are your best days, when progress will be more rapid.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Quite a good week if you can curb extravagance or excess during August 17 and 18, as this could react on your health and work. August 21 and 23 are more helpful days, when others should be well disposed towards you.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Some slight indisposition or strain could hold you back a little from August 17, and you will be wise to hide your time until August 21, when you may confidently assert your personality to advantage in any matters that have been held in abeyance.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Don't try to push things too quickly this week. Friends or social life could cause extra expense, while August 17 and 18 may prove rather disappointing. Choose August 21, when your plans are bound to meet with success.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): There may be a desire for speculation or social enterprise this week, and although your powers are strong, be a little careful on August 17 lest you take on too much. August 21 shows some progress with help from friends.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): The aspects are slightly disappointing on August 17 and 18. Try not to offend others by speech or pen. Enjoy the good Mercury aspect of August 21, for journeys, visiting relatives, correspondence, or any interesting study or reading.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Not a spectacular week, although August 21 seems a busy day, when the mind may be employed to good advantage. Watch expenses and persuade a partner or associate to conserve finances during August 17 and 18, and also on August 23.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): August 17, 18, and 22 are days to avoid disputes, over-generosity, legal or Government affairs. August 21 is your best day, when you could be favored with some gift or benefits from your family circle.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Rather mixed aspects this week. August 17 and 18 tend to anxiety for those in ill-health or out of work, and yet, as the week progresses, things should improve, especially on August 21 and 23.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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The Australian Women's Weekly - August 20, 1949

A feast of thrilling tales every month—Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine . . . 1/-.

Got the Golf "Bug"?



Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils you're in for DRY SCALP and "HUNGRY HAIR".

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supple-

ments the natural scalp oils and guards against lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed and protected. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC

Double care—both Scalp and Hair



CS-2

THIS WAS AN OPEN DRAFTY VERANDAH



Any handyman can do the same

WITH COOPER ADJUSTABLE GLASS LOUVRES

No wind-waving did this! Instead, the installation of efficient Cooper Adjustable Louvres changed an open, drafty verandah into a warm, scientifically ventilated room... and for amazingly little cost! Genuine Cooper Louvres are cheaper than any other type of window.

LOOK FOR THE BRAND!

The Cooper Louvre

MANUFACTURED BY
F. W. GISSING PTY. LTD.
OBTAINABLE FROM BUILDERS' SUPPLY AND HARDWARE STORES
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

29/62.7.



DUAL HOBBY of Hollywood star Bill Williams and his wife, Barbara Hale, makes their home like a miniature menagerie. Bill carries tiny animals from wood and Barbara colors them. Following a current fashion, the Williams wear similar wedding rings.

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★★ El Paso

PACKED almost to bursting point with examples of "goodies" versus "baddies" and frontier rough justice, "El Paso" is a cinecolor Western with considerable vitality.

In the days just after the American Civil War, when a man's best friend undoubtedly was his gun—provided he was quick on the draw—Texas was no place for a shy, retiring type.

The story describes how a mild-mannered young lawyer goes from Charleston to Texas on a business job.

Ultimately he becomes a two-fisted shooting hand, whose outlook on law and order has become thoroughly soured by the brutality and lawlessness he encountered while trying to remain good-mannered.

The role of the lawyer is played by John Payne with much more verve than he has shown in recent films.

His romance, a rather pale one when compared with the rest of his Texas existence, centres on Gail Russell, but love finally wins out in true Western tradition.

In the meantime, there are numbers of murders, some hangings, and a street gun battle in a roaring duststorm (this sequence is most convincing).

Bewhiskered, toothless old Gabby Hayes provides half of the comedy, and a buxom blonde (Mary Beth Hughes) turns in an amusing sketch of a stage coach confidence woman.

The cinecolor is clear enough, though it features too much salmon-pink and blue-green.

The Paramount release of the William Pine-William Thomas production is at the Victory.

★★ The Guinea Pig

GROWN-UP glamor girls are often asked to portray teenagers, but Richard Attenborough must be among the very few men who have taken on the job of playing a school-boy.

He succeeds astonishingly well in the English film of Warren Chetham Strode's play, "The Guinea Pig"—well known to theatregoers in Australia.

The Boulting brothers—producer John and director Roy—have been responsible for some fine British pictures in the past.

Their usual sincerity and careful methods are noticeable again, though at times they have been a bit too careful in watering down the script.

The problem put forward is whether the centuries-old British Public School system lacks progress in its adherence to tradition.

A lad from a suburban tobacco-shop's home is sent to an exclusive public school.

He reacts violently against certain



GREETINGS to friends at Circo in Hollywood are given by William Holden and his wife, Brenda Marshall. Currently one of the busiest and most popular leading men, Bill is appearing in many films showing in Australia. The Holdens have three children and recently celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary.

of the customs such as the "fag" system and the initiation ceremony.

His attempt to run away is stopped by an understanding master, Mr. Lorraine (Robert Fleming).

The boy's housemaster, Mr. Hartley (Cecil Trueman), is a die-hard conservative in education, who refuses to believe that he is hopelessly old-fashioned.

Trueman plays the part well, but for film purposes it is not pronounced enough.

Apart from Richard Attenborough's thoroughly well main-

★ The Bribe

ROBERT TAYLOR mopping a worried brow, Ava Gardner looking sultry, Charles Laughton scene-stealing a dozen times, and Vincent Price oozing suavity are my impressions of M.G.M.'s tropical melodrama, "The Bribe."

I was not surprised that Taylor, playing a Federal agent sent to South America to investigate a war surplus blackmarket racket, fell heavily for the charms of Ava Gardner as Elizabeth Hinton, wife of one of the racketeers. The luscious Gardner would interest anyone.

But I was not impressed by the manner in which the plot is introduced by flashback and the conversations held by Taylor with himself.

However, once Charles Laughton, as the gang's contact man, appears on the horizon with grubby clothes, sore feet, and ingratiating manner, the plot picks up smartly.

Laughton is an actor who has shown some magnificent and some appalling acting in his time.

When he is in "hammy" mood no one can overact more, but this time he gives a really good character job from start to finish.

The plot finally busts up in a terrific fireworks explosion with Taylor shooting Vincent Price, as the rockets and sparklers do their stuff.

Robert Z. Leonard's direction is not his best work, and as a final comment, why was poor John Hodiak given such a minor and stupid role as the rum-swilling husband of Ava, who dies conveniently from a weak heart?

The film is at the St. James.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

tained character of young Read, I liked Robert Fleming's quiet pipe-smoking Mr. Lorraine.

Edith Sharpe as Mrs. Hartley and Joan Hickson as Mrs. Read are well in the tradition of good character players.

Reliable Bernard Miles (hidden behind a semi-walrus moustache) gives a good sketch of the tobacco-shop owner, whose suspicions of the possible success of the experiment involving his son are tempered by humor and judgment.

There are some picturesque shots of an unnamed school which are used as backgrounds, and for the lover of the quieter type of British film "The Guinea Pig" will be a great success.

Released by B.E.F. the film is at the Lyceum.



MUSIC PROFESSOR Robert Friess (Danny Kaye) has spent years in collaboration with six associates on writing a history of music. Robert has old-fashioned ideas, considers that ragtime is up to date, and knows nothing of development of jazz. He accepts invitation to night-club to hear modern music.



TORCH SINGER Honey Swanson (Virginia Mayo) proves disturbing influence when, to avoid police questioning about a gangster, she takes refuge in the professors' house and is discovered by startled Robert.



BACHELOR ESTABLISHMENT of the professors gives them a placid life in which their only feminine visitor is their elderly housekeeper, Miss Bragg.

A Song is Born

★ Filmed in technicolor by Samuel Goldwyn and starring Danny Kaye, "A Song is Born" is a new musical version of a former comedy, "Ball of Fire," in which Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck starred.

A feature is the appearance of many of the top bandleaders of America, including Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Barnett, and Mel Powell.

Virginia Mayo plays opposite Kaye. Eleven songs are included, and the climax is a combined musical "jam session."

The roles of six old-fashioned music professors are played by Hugh Herbert, Benny Goodman, J. Edward Bromberg, Felix Bressart, Ludwig Stossel, and O. Z. Whitehead.

The film is released by R.K.O.



SHY PROFESSORS are overwhelmed by Honey's charms and override Robert's protest at her continued presence.



VISIT of many famous bandleaders demonstrates to professors the growth of modern music, to help complete their encyclopaedia.

EVELYN KEYES
Columbia Star in
"MR. SOFT TOUCH"

New Loveliness

New Beauty

New Glamour

It's Yours—
All Yours

with
PAN-CAKE*
MAKE-UP

originated by
Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY,
AUSTRALIA

Max Factor Hollywood "Pan-Cake" is the famous glamorizing make-up that actually creates a new complexion. You'll be amazed at the way it stays on for hours without retouching... and you'll be delighted with the softer, smoother, younger look it gives your skin. It helps hide tiny complexion faults, too, and its exclusive, patented formula safeguards your skin against drying. Try it to-day for thrilling new loveliness.

*Pan-Cake (trademark)
meant
Max Factor Hollywood
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AT CHEMISTS
AND
DEPARTMENT
STORES
EVERYWHERE

Complete Your Make-up
In Color Harmony With
Max Factor Hollywood
Face Powder, Rouge
and Lipstick.



MF-47, 16

Wear
Sutex
LUXURY CREPE
STOCKINGS
IN NEW DENTING SHADES

MAKE LOVELY LEGS LOVELIER...

ASK
FOR

ROYAL
TURKISH
TOWELS
AND
BATH
SHEETS

Christys

AT THE LEADING STORES



1 EXPELLED from Baltimore school in 1905 because of her advanced views on art, Dinah Sheldon (Shirley Temple) returns to father (Robert Young) and mother (Josephine Hutchinson).



2 NEW WORRY for Dinah occurs when she starts to paint a drunken tramp in a park. Criticism by onlookers incites Dinah to hit one and she is arrested.

Romantic Comedy...



3 ADMIRER Tom Wade (John Agar) bails Dinah out, but the story affects promotion for her father.

SCREEN authors Lesser Samuels and Christopher Isherwood wrote R.K.O.'s light comedy, "Adventure in Baltimore," with a 1905 setting for its teenager story.

Backbone of the story shows amusing human prejudices and follies with some realistic characterisations.

Shirley Temple and her husband play the young romantic roles and Robert Young plays the sorely tried but understanding father of a girl whose 1905 background lags behind her advanced views of art and women's rights.

The film was directed by Richard Wallace.



4 AT DANCE, Dinah tells Tom of plan to win art contest so she can repay his bail loan as soon as possible.



5 POSING as model for Dinah for contest, Tom is unaware that her picture shows him wearing minimum of clothing. Public exhibition of picture brings another scandal to Dinah's family.



6 MORE TROUBLE follows when Dinah, her mother, and Tom are arrested during suffragette meeting. Dinah's father manages to smooth out problem.

CROSSWORD No. 55

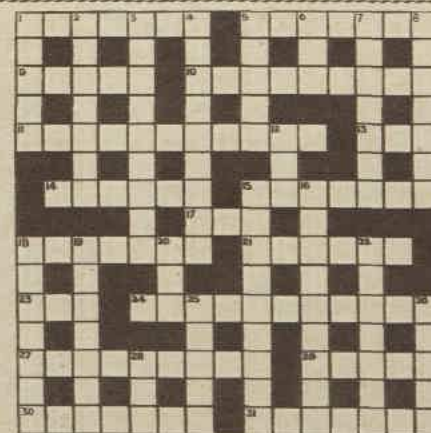
ACROSS

- Should not be worn by a one-legged man when out in the slush (7).
- How I depart from the straight and narrow when with the better art (7).
- The Greeks gave their word and kept it to the letter right to the end—a precious thing nothing should overcome (5).
- Description of a tripod we have in our yard (5, 4).
- Inscrutable sleuth at the twitch of an eyelid assumes a malign look, and then how he can crow (11).
- A confounded gau shooter (3).
- It is said to make a deal of noise, but there can't be anything in it to make the stern less elevated (6).
- Will be made to remember him in concrete form—at ease on a pedestal (7).
- Take inside leg-off yourself (3).
- A sap dog (anag.) (7).
- What seamstresses require initially? (6).
- Before (3).
- A broken fragment shut up the valley furniture (11).
- My boy, you're a young rascal. You mustn't call me pop, or I will go off (2, 2, 1, 3).
- Right you are, pup. You turn on one something like a giraffe (9).
- Otherwise Dr. Keats is the most gloomy (7).
- My boy, 4 is some of the work of Keats (7).

DOWN

- One Scot who shows great fortitude when agitated (5).
- Repeat what I do to a golf ball before the first stroke and putting over the road surface in (7).
- Carried on the profession and leered open, and taken in the art (9).
- True alize (anag.) (9).
- Spill that is to make a name for herself (5).
- Dread one taking others beside me (3).
- Who should be obliged to prescribe a remedy when there's no rain? (7).
- All the personal attendants are starting; can you have them installed in ease? (7).
- Seekers, take heart to lengthen our discovery (3).
- The protracted snags that follow short strides? (4, 3).
- Only a simpleton, where people bowl would take a trumpet or suchlike! (9).
- Delighted to have rented property for a period at last (7).
- Make Al Green be the man to father the hearings in the field (7).
- Pine remnants (3).
- The foliage sheltered side in which to have a gasper (7).
- Where you are found with goul? (showing your metal?) (9).
- Of late that thing's ways are out going places! (5).
- Enemies (3).

Solutions to Crosswords
Nos. 52 and 55 will be published next week with names of prizewinners in Contest No. 52. Cash prizes will be discontinued after No. 54. See page 29.



ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 51

ACROSS: 1—Disturb (anag.), 5—A cross, 9—For-warder, 10—Chips, 11—Renal (reep-bal), 12—New Guinea, 13—Salt (anag.), 14—An up-o-dean, 15—Dise-cur-age, 16—Mete (hidden), 22—Port-folio, 23—Scan-I, 24—Spars, 27—Healthic, 28—Tim/b/er, 29—Re/lease/d.

DOWN: 1—Def-ends (ted turned), 2—A-crop-olls (also turned), 3—Re-ally, 4—B-aden, 6—On-I-on, 7—Bn-stain (no turned), 8—Browning, 10—Coup-on, 13—Sur-ling, 16—Eye-loches, 17—Tollee (anag.), 18—Depo-sit (dis'posed), 20—Ent-iced (anag. net), 21—A-spire, 23—Reain (hidden), 24—On-one.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 51: £10 to Mr. D. E. Finch, 11 Palmerston St., Ayrshire, Cairns, Qld.; £5 to M. McCarty, 189 Limestone Ave., Bradden, Canberra, A.C.T.; £2 to Mrs. W. H. Norman, 35 Marlborough St., Henley Beach, S.A.

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Just melt a good spoonful or two of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling hot water, or in a regular vaporizer, and let him inhale the concentrated medicinal vapours.

AH-HI How clear his nose feels... how quickly the sore, stuffy passages open up. And, with every breath, VapoRub's soothing, medicated vapours work deep in the inner air-passages that ONLY vapours can reach direct.

These intensified vapours soothe irritation, loosen deep phlegm, relieve congestion and stop coughing spasms almost instantly!

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After the "VapoRub Steam" treatment, rub VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. Generously! Then, he'll get the full benefit of its prolonged double action during sleep: its soothing, inhaled vapours plus its warming poultice action through the skin. Try it!

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"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are trademarks.

Isn't Emily Marvellous!

Continued from page 41

THE telephone exploded. After announcing that she wouldn't marry me if I were the only man on earth, Emily hung up. I hurried myself out of the apartment and into a taxi.

The door of Emily's apartment was ajar, so I walked in. And there on the couch sat George, with Emily's head buried in his shoulder. She was crying.

I ignored George. I said, "Emily, don't cry. You don't have to marry me. I'm glad you found it out in time. Darling, lots of people call it off at the last minute."

Emily looked at me, looked at George, and began to cry again. "There," she wailed, "you see."

George leaped up with a howl of rage.

I was patient. I said, "I can't let Emily make such a terrible mistake."

George said, "Listen, you fool! Emily wants to marry you. I like to see that Emily gets what she wants. And I personally will see that she does marry you. Or I'll blacken your name in every newspaper in the country. I'll fix it so you can't hold up your head in decent society."

I said, "Oh, you will, will you? And in six months I suppose you'll see that Emily gets a divorce nicely and quietly, without any publicity?"

"If necessary, I'll see to that, too," said George. "In fact, I'd be glad to... Emily, if you have any more trouble, let me know." He glared at me. "You be at the church by ten to four," he growled. "You be there!" And then he left.

Emily got up from the couch and came over to me. "I love you," she said. "I won't lose you. I won't let you lose me."

"George won't let you lose me," I said, putting my arms around her.

"Oh, George!" She snuggled her

head into my shoulder. "He's just impulsive. Sit down, darling. I'll make you some coffee."

She went into the kitchen and I began to pace around the room. It had a bare, empty look because all her belongings were packed—packed in the neat, air-weight cases that stood stacked against the wall.

Emily came back into the room. Her eyes followed mine.

"Yes," she said, "those contain all my belongings. Doesn't look much, does it?" She smiled.

"What's in the little one?" I asked, pointing at a small crocodile case, perched on top of the bigger bags.

"That's my make-up case," she opened it, and showed me the small pink jars inside.

I began to laugh. Somehow it was so unlike Emily. "Do you really use all those things?" I asked her.

"Yes," she showed me, one by one. "This is cleansing cream and this is foundation cream and this is some sort of stuff for stopping your neck getting wrinkled. I don't use that yet."

"They smell kind of nice," I said, feeling acutely masculine and inadequate. "And I suppose it's useful for travelling?"

"Oh, yes. I keep all my make-up in it, and then there isn't any risk of the jars being broken. It goes everywhere with me."

"On your honeymoon, for instance."

"But certainly."

"Didn't you have it that weekend?" I asked, suddenly remembering the little case she had forgotten to take from me; remembering how I had taken it back to the doorman and had stood out on the footpath, wondering if she were thinking about me.

She nodded. "Yes. This is the one I forgot to take from you, because I was thinking how much I loved you."

"Oh, Emily," I said. "Emily. Darling."

And then the doorbell rang, and Jim and Pamela arrived, and then Vandye, and all of a sudden the evening turned into a party.

And at four o'clock the next afternoon, I saw Emily. Emily, a misty

whiteness. Emily looking... well, Emily. My love. My darling. My bride. Her bouquet was trembling. I took her hand and it was cold and damp like the hand of a little girl who is scared.

And then the reception, with Emily at my side... "Isn't she marvellous?" said corporation presidents, kissing the bride rather more energetically than I felt necessary. "Isn't she marvellous?" said George, shaking my hand like an old friend.

"What a lovely bride," cooed the presidents' wives, wearing the mink and jewels that, as my wife, Emily would probably never wear. Oh, Emily, I thought, and you should always have the best, the best of everything.

We got away at last, and out to the airport. It was my first flight, and I wished that it was Emily's too. She sat there looking calm and serene and I knew that I was much too excited—yes, and scared too. Just before we took off she grabbed my hand.

"I always hate this bit," she said, but she didn't fool me. She was holding my hand in case I was scared.

We were up about ten minutes, I should think, and the hostess had just handed round magazines, when Emily said, "Oh, my goodness! Oh, Mark!"

"What is it, darling?"

"I've forgotten my make-up case. I had it ready to pick up after I changed, and I forgot all about it. Oh, Mark," she wailed, "what shall I do?"

I said, "Really, Emily, a little thing like that. You can get more, can't you?"

She looked at me as if I were a weevil. "In Mexico? In the jungle? Don't be crazy. It would take weeks."

Mark, I can't come. I've got to get off this plane. I cannot go to Mexico without any make-up."

"But, darling—" "Don't 'But darling' me," said my bride. "You don't understand anything about women. You don't know what a difference lipstick makes. I'd be lost without it; I wouldn't have any self-confidence; I'd feel just as badly as if I didn't have a skirt on."

"You would?" I said weakly.

"I certainly would. Oh, it's the most awful thing."

"But, darling—" "Stop saying that!" snapped Emily. "Can't you see how upset I am?"

"Well, don't blame me," I snapped back. "It's not my fault."

I looked at her. Her face was pink and she looked small and tearful and—well, defenceless. And all of a sudden, I knew. I knew that I had no business to be keeping her way out of reach on a pedestal.

She wasn't unassailable and untouchable. She was just a girl, after all. Smarter and prettier and sweeter than any other girl, but still just a girl who made mistakes and was lost without her lipstick. And she loved me.

"I can't," she said pathetically. "I just can't go to Mexico without any make-up."

"Oh, yes you can," I said. "And to Tibet, too, if necessary. You're my wife and wives are supposed to go wherever their husbands have to go. Remember?"

She looked up at me and she smiled. "Yes, Mark," was all she said. "Yes, Mark." Just like that. Meekly.

In a minute I would finish what I began to say with "But, darling." In a minute I would say, "But, darling, when we get to Mexico City you can get some more make-up." But, first, I was going to enjoy the way I felt. Masterful, that was it, masterful and protective and possessive all at once, and it was a pretty good way to feel.

And from Emily's shining eyes and her smile, I think she thought it was a pretty good way for me to feel too. Marvellous woman, my wife.

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COSY CARDIGAN FOR WEE LASS

● Simply styled and easy-to-knit garment for the two-to-three-year-old. It can be slipped on in a jiffy for extra warmth.



WITH a ribbon decorating her new short-cut, Dandie, our little model, wears the cardigan over a short-sleeved pull-over with cream pleated skirt.

CARDIGANS are useful garments, and a boon for toddlers' wear during spring days.

The original was knitted in a warm mushroom shade, but it can be developed in any color scheme.

For ordinary wear choose deep shades. Pastel pink, blue, and yellow are fine for special occasions, but not practical for everyday wear.

Here are the instructions for making:

Materials: 4 skeins (100.) Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crocheted wool; 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 24in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 11in.; sleeve seam, 8in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows, 1in.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loops; w.r.n., wool round needle.

BACK AND BOTH FRONTS

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 179 sts.

1st Row: K 2, t.b.l., (p 1, k 1, t.b.l.) to last st., k 1, t.b.l.

2nd Row: (K 1, t.b.l., p 1) to last st., k 1, t.b.l.

3rd Row: K 2, t.b.l., p 1, k 1, t.b.l., w.r.n., k 2 tog., t.b.l., (p 1, k 1, t.b.l.) to last st., k 1, t.b.l.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd row 8 times. (20 rows.)

21st Row: K 2, t.b.l., p 1, k 1, t.b.l., w.r.n., k 2 tog., t.b.l., p 1, k 1, t.b.l., leave these 8 sts. on a holder for front band. Change to No. 10 needles, k to last 8 sts., leave these 8 sts. on holder.

22nd Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

23rd Row: Knit.

24th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

Rows 21-24 complete patt.

Rep. patt. 4 times, then still keeping continuity of patt., dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row till until 16th patt. is completed. (51 sts.)

55th Row: K 29, leave on holder for right front. Cast off 10 sts.

k 73, leave on holder for back. Cast off 10 sts., k 29. Still dec. at front edge of every 8th row as before, cont. on last 29 sts., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next 5 rows.

Then, without working further shapings at armhole edge, but still dec. at front edge, cont. in patt. until 19 sts. rem. Cont. on these 19 sts. until the 3rd row of 28th patt. is worked.

Shoulder Shaping

1st Row: Patt. to last 9 sts., turn.

2nd Row: In patt.

Cast off.

Join wool at armhole edge of sts. for left front and work to correspond with side already worked, cont. the shoulder shaping after 2nd row of 28th patt.

BACK

With wrong side of work facing join wool to sts. for back. Work in patt., dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row 5 times. (63 sts.)

Cont. in patt. without further shaping until the 3rd row of 28th patt. is completed.

Shoulder Shaping

1st Row: Patt. to last 9 sts., turn.

2nd Row: As 1st row.

3rd Row: Patt. to last 18 sts., turn.

4th Row: As 3rd row.

5th Row: Patt. to end of row.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 49 sts.

Work as for band of cardigan for 20 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in patt. as for back, inc. 1 st. at each end of 9th and then every 6th row till until there are 69 sts. on needle, then without further shaping until 18 patts. are completed.

Armhole Shaping

Dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 19 sts. rem.

Cast off.

LEFT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, join wool to sts. for band on left front. Work in rib for 132 rows. Cast off in rib.

RIGHT BAND

Work as for left band, making a 3rd buttonhole 18 rows above previous one.

TO MAKE UP

Press work. Join sleeve and shoulder seams. Set in sleeves. Join cast-off edges of bands. Stitch along fronts and round neck of cardigan. Sew buttons in position to correspond with buttonholes.

SMART Summer COATS

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MQ 1 WW/8. Matron's Summer Coat, in Feather-weight Coating, cut on slimming lines; smartly designed, with shoulder-to-waist tucking, and finished with unpressed pleats for styleright skirt fullness. All seams overlapped. Shades: Black, Navy, Beige, Evertist. Sizes and Prices: W, S05, OS, E4/12/9; X05, E4/12/9; XX05, E5/1/-.



MQ1WW8.
W, S05, OS, E4/12/9

MQ 2 WW/8. Designed for smaller figures, this lightweight woolen Coat shows the newest "back-interest" six-gore skirt treatment. Front has 3-gore side panels and 2-button fastening. Shades: Smoky Pearl, Royalist, Honor Blue, Dusty Lime. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW, W. Price: E4/14/6.

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Fashion FROCKS

"KATHLEEN" AND "MILLICENT."—Charming blouses feature the new tucked look. They are in white, pale blue, and pale pink rayon crepe-de-chine, and white, pale pink, sky, peach, and can-de-nil cotton Bedford cord.

Ready To Wear (rayon crepe-de-chine): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/9. Registered postage, 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only (rayon crepe-de-chine): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 22/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/6. Registered postage, 1/3 extra.

Ready To Wear (Bedford cord): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 28/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/11. Registered postage, 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only (Bedford cord): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 19/9. Registered postage, 1/3 extra.

"ADELAIDE."—Swing skirt with fitted bodice and shoulder straps and a fitted waistline jacket make this pretty frock. The material is British spotted spun in turquoise and white, apple-green and white, blue and white, red and white, and navy-blue and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/9. Registered postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 48/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 49/11. Registered postage, 2/6 extra.

N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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For a Lovelier Summer . . .

CRISP COOL **WHITE** FOUNDATIONS BY BERLEI



White slide-fastening Step-in for active wear. Made in three fittings. Prices from 47/- to 62/-. Brassiere is longer-line "Hollywood - Maxwell" with Broderie Anglais bust cups. Made in two fittings at 27/- and 29/6.

Pantie for moderns in white Leno elastic with satin stretch-cloth panels. Detachable suspenders. Price 62/-. The junior bra has Broderie Anglais bust cups with stretch-cloth sections for extra freedom. Price 21/-.

This beautifully fashioned "Off-the-Shoulder" Bra in exquisite white satin at 29/6. Plastic boning from waist to ensure shaping and support. Lovely lines for the young and slender under decollete evening or bridal gowns.

Crisp and fresh as Apple Blossom in Spring are the new white creations by Berlei.

Girdles and Panties accented by delicately coloured stitching . . . Brassieres of snowy, net-lined Broderie Anglais . . . gleaming white satin to delight the bride . . .

"Off-the-Shoulder," "Lo-Vee," "Hollywood-Maxwell." Ask to see the new white foundations by Berlei at all better stores. They launder beautifully!



The Berlei - trained Corsetiere at your favourite store will fit you to the Berlei designed for your own figure type. There's no extra charge for personal fittings.



FINE FIGURE FOUNDATIONS



From XW to XXXOS! SPOTTED SPUN FROCK

Quota Style 238. Jacket style frock with lace trimmed neckline. Buttons to waist. Brazelet. length sleeves. Gored skirt. Assorted Colors. XW, 20S, OS, XOS, XXOS, 49/11, XXXOS, 54/8.

XW TO XXOS XXXOS
49/11 • 54/6

AVAILABLE ALL BRANCHES

ROCKMANS

SPECIAL STOCKS FOR MAIL ORDERS
—(WRITE P.O. BOX 1884, MELBOURNE.)



WITH ITS ATTRACTIVE YOKE, deep collar, and short, puffed sleeves, this sweater will appeal to the little miss Jacqueline, our model above, who is four-and-a-half years of age, did not like parting with it.

Hand-knitted chic for little girls in spring

● This attractive sweater has been specially designed for the four-to-five-year-olds.

THE inset yoke with its matching turn-down collar gives a decorative touch to the simply knitted garment. And little girls love the puffed sleeves. The sweater pictured above was knitted in a dusky-pink shade. Here are the easy-to-follow directions:

Materials: 4 skeins (1oz.) Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool; 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 24in. chest. Length from back of neck, 12in.; sleeve seam, 31in.

Tension: 71 sts. and 10 rows, 1in. Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loops; inc., knit into front and back of next stitch.

Important: To obtain the best results and correctly proportioned garment, the following three points are essential:

- (1) Use the exact wool specified.
- (2) Use the correct size needles.
- (3) Keep knitting tension strictly in accordance with instructions.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 90 sts. and k in rib of k 1, p 1 for 30 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. (i.e., k 1 row, p 1 row) for 50 rows.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 72 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until there are 42 rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: 1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 6 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 12 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 18 sts., turn. K to end.

8th Row: Cast off 18 sts., p 36, cast off 18 sts., leave these 36 sts. on a spare needle.

FRONT

Work as for back until the 9th row in armhole is worked.

10th Row: P 19, k 34 t.b.l., p 19.

11th Row: K 19, k 34 t.b.l., k 19. Rep. 10th and 11th rows 4 times, then the 10th row once.

21st Row: Work 36 sts., turn, leaving rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on these 36 sts. until 41st row is worked.

SHOULDER SHAPING

1st Row: Work to last 6 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to last st., inc. once in last st.

3rd Row: Work to last 12 sts., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: Work to last 18 sts., turn.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: Work to end of row.

8th Row: Cast off 18 sts., work to last st., inc. once in this st. Place these sts. on a spare needle. Join wool to centre front, and work to correspond with side already worked until 42nd row is worked.

SHOULDER SHAPING

1st Row: Inc. once in 1st st., work to last 6 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Inc. once in 1st st., work to last 12 sts., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: Inc. once in 1st st., work to last 18 sts., turn.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: Inc. once in 1st st., work to last 18 sts. Cast off 18 sts. Leave remainder on spare needle.

COLLAR

With wrong side of work facing k t.b.l. 22 sts. from left front, then k the sts. across back of neck, then 22 sts. from right front. Cont. in g-st., k into back of each st. and inc. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 24th row is worked. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 54 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 12 rows.

13th Row: (K 1, k twice into next st.) to end of row. (81 sts.)

14th Row: Purl.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. until 30th row is completed.

Armhole Shaping: Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 71 sts. rem., then in every row until 31 sts. rem.

K 1 (k 2 tog.) across row, casting off at same time.

To Make Up: Press lightly on wrong side. Join side, sleeve, and shoulder seams.

Set in sleeves. With needle and wool make 3 loops on right side of front opening. Sew on buttons to correspond.

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COUGHS & COLDS



Try this flavoursome KRAFT CHEDDAR PUDDING with SPANISH SAUCE

from ELIZABETH COOKE,
Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

You'll need Sandwich Bread
cut into cubes, s. to
Kraft Cheese

Put the bread cubes in
the mixture. Roll the cubes in the
shredded cheese. (Use Kraft Cheese
—it shreds and melts so much better).
Place on greaseproof paper and bake
in a moderate oven (350°F.) until
cheese is melted. Cover with hot
Spanish Sauce and serve at once.
Serves 4.

Important

Note the appetising golden colour
of the melted Kraft Cheese. The right
combination of smoothness and true
cheddar flavour is possible only when
you use Kraft Cheese. Kraft Cheese

dishes are more nourishing too, because
Kraft Cheese is richer in Vitamins A,
B₂ and D; in calcium, phosphorus and
other nutrients of milk.

Spanish Sauce

You'll need 3 tablespoons butter or
margarine; 4 tablespoons chopped
onion; ½ cup chopped celery; 1 lb.
sliced tomatoes; salt, pepper and a
dash of cayenne.

Melt the butter in a frying pan and
add the chopped onion and chopped
celery. Cook slowly until golden
brown. Now add the sliced tomatoes
and the seasonings. Continue cooking
slowly, stirring occasionally until the
sauce is thick. Pour over the Cheddar
Pudding while very hot.



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tastes Better because
it's **BLENDED BETTER**

NURSERY MEALS

By Our Food and Cookery Experts in collaboration with Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse.



● A knowledge of food values is essential for anyone working out the daily diet of young children.

As well as providing satisfying food, meals must be well balanced, supplying protein, which promotes growth, and minerals and vitamins for building good bones and teeth.

Cheese, meat (particularly liver), eggs, milk, and butter contain animal protein, more easily digested by the young child than the vegetable protein found in peas, beans, lentils, soy beans, and nuts.

Vitamins A and D are found in cheese, milk, butter, and eggs (yolk), vitamin C in citrus fruit, tomatoes, and parsley. Grains such as wholemeal contain vitamin B, also present in meat and liver.

Starches, flours, sugars, and fats supply warmth and energy, and as fuel for the body must be included in the daily diet, but often these foods, which are cheapest and most satisfying, are used too freely instead of protein foods.

● Keep to regular times for meals and do not allow between-meal snacks.

● Cook all foods well and serve attractively. Novel service may intrigue the "difficult" feeder.

● Spend a little money on quaint little dishes, basins, and small drinking vessels, and nursery baize.

● Have a low kindergarten table and chair for the toddler, who can soon be trained to set his own little table at meal times, and this will give him an added interest in his meals.

● Do not give very big helpings, especially of new foods; small amounts of which should be given at the beginning of a meal. It is better for the toddler to ask for more rather than leave food on a plate which has been heaped up!

● Realise the importance of including a good proportion of hard foods to encourage good mastication, and give a mouth-cleansing food such as a piece of raw, ripe apple after each meal.

CREAMED LIVER BOATS

Half pound liver, 1 cup grated mixed vegetable (carrot, parsnip, turnip), 1 cup water, salt, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, cooked peas, 2

cups hot mashed potatoes, triangles dry toast, shredded lettuce, tomato wedges.

Remove skin from liver, cover with boiling water. Stand 5 minutes, drain. Mince finely. Place in small saucepan with vegetables, water, and salt. Simmer very gently 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Blend flour smoothly with milk, stir into liver. Simmer 5 minutes longer, add peas. Spoon or pipe mashed potato into boat shapes on greased oven-tray. Fill with creamed liver, bake in hot oven until potato is lightly browned. Fix toast "sails." Serve on bed of shredded lettuce, garnish with tomato wedges.

WHEATMEAL CRISPS

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1/2 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, scant 1 cup milk, vanilla.

Mix wholemeal flour with sifted plain flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg, milk, and vanilla. Turn on to floured board, roll very thinly. Cut into fingers or rounds. Brush with milk. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. Store in airtight tin when cold.

A WELL-BALANCED, attractive nursery meal, for which recipes are given on this page.

GROUND RICE STEAMED PUDDING

Four tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons ground rice, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons raisins, 4 tablespoons finely chopped peel, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 cup warm milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, almonds, cherries.

Combine flour, ground rice, crumbs, raisins, and peel. Dissolve soda in milk, add beaten egg and golden syrup. Stir into dry ingredients. Make a pattern of almonds and cherries in small greased moulds. Three-quarters fill with mixture. Cover with greased paper, steam 40 to 50 minutes. Serve hot with golden syrup sauce.

Golden Syrup Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, add 1 tablespoon flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowings to brown. Stir in 1 cup milk. Continue stirring until boiling. Fold in 1 dessertspoon golden syrup and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Serve hot.

BAKED APPLE FLOWERS

Four red-skinned apples, 8 tablespoons chopped dates, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup hot water, 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Wash and dry apples, remove

cores. Cut from top (nearly through to base) into 6 or 8 sections. Chop dates finely, mix with half the lemon juice. Fill into apples, pressing down well in centre. Place in slab-tin or sandwich-tin with sugar dissolved in hot water and lemon juice. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until apples are soft, basting frequently with the syrup. Serve cold with jelly or hot with custard.

CREAMED FISH AND SPINACH

Two cups shredded spinach, 3 teaspoons margarine or butter, salt, 3 teaspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cooked flaked fish, 2 or 3 slices tomato.

Place spinach in small saucepan with 1 teaspoon of the margarine or butter and pinch of salt. Water clinging to well-washed spinach leaves is sufficient to prevent sticking or burning. Cook over gentle heat 6 to 8 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. Line bottom and sides of small ovenware dish. Melt balance of margarine or butter, add flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning; stir in milk. Continue stirring until boiling, flavor with salt. Fold in fish. Turn into spinach-lined dish, top with tomato slices. Reheat in moderate oven. Serve hot with carrot straws and peas.

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A cough, and then three more.
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From cough and cold that wintry day,

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Don't keep sneezing—get

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VEAL AND ANCHOVY ESCALOPES have a new and unusual flavor. Serve with hot tomato puree flavored with Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice. See prizewinning recipe below.

Recipes from readers win cash prizes

• Commencing next week, a cash prize of £5 will be awarded the best recipe of the week and a consolation prize of £1 for every other recipe published on this page.

VEAL and anchovy escalopes, recipe for which wins first prize of £10 in this week's contest, have a very unusual flavor—they are a delicacy for special occasions.

Cook fish for fish roll (a consolation prize-winner this week) in boiling salted water to which two large slices of onion have been added. Cook gently only until fish is tender—do not allow fish to leave bones or break up.

If using tinned fish, drain well, reserving liquor for sauce; remove bones and dark skin, flake before measuring.

VEAL AND ANCHOVY ESCALOPES

One pound thinly cut veal fillet, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, fat for frying, lemon slices, anchovies and olives.

Cut veal into service-sized pieces, flatten with damp rolling-pin. Nick edges slightly to prevent curling during cooking. Coat with flour seasoned with salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg and milk. Toss in breadcrumbs, press crumbs firmly on to fillets. Place fillets in fuming fat, fry golden brown on both sides. Drain on clean kitchen paper. Top each fillet with a slice of onion, a curled anchovy, and half a stoned olive. Garnish with parsley, serve with hot tomato puree and sauteed potato slices.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. A. Mitchell, Ashby St., Fairfield S3, Brisbane.

TOASTED COCONUT APPLES

Four large apples, 1 cup water, 1 cup white sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 cups wholemeal breadcrumbs (or a mixture of white and wholemeal), 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup coconut.

Peel, core, and quarter apples. Place in greased ovenproof dish, add water and lemon juice mixed together. Sprinkle white sugar evenly over apples. Combine breadcrumbs, brown sugar, and cinnamon; sprinkle over apples, then top with coconut. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until lightly browned. Cover with lid or piece of kitchen paper, cook until apples are tender. Serve with cream substitute or custard.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. L. Walton, Naval Wireless Station, Belconnen, Canberra, A.C.T.

FISH ROLL WITH ANCHOVY SAUCE

One and a half cups cooked flaked fish (or tinned fish), 1 1/2 cups mashed potato, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, browned crumbs.

Combine fish, potato, parsley, and onion. Season with salt and pepper and bind with egg and milk beaten together. Shape into roll. Brush all over with milk (or egg and milk), coat thickly with browned crumbs. Place on greased tray in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric). Bake 30 to 35 minutes. Slice, serve hot with anchovy sauce.

Anchovy Sauce: Heat 11 cups fish stock (or 1 cup water, 1 cup milk). Stir in 11 tablespoons flour and 2 tablespoons powdered milk mixed to smooth paste with little water. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, beat in 1 dessertspoon anchovy sauce, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Serve immediately with fish roll.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Findlay, Ipswich Rd., Annerley, Qld.

BANANA RAISIN ROLL

Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: One cup seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 or 3 bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Sauce: Half cup honey, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Add sugar; mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to oblong shape, 1/4 in. thick. Mix together all filling ingredients except bananas and lemon juice. Spread over pastry to within 1/4 in. of edge. Slice bananas thinly, dip in lemon juice; spread evenly over raisin mixture. Roll up as for Swiss roll, pinch ends together. Place in large greased ovenproof dish, cover with sauce made by mixing all ingredients well together. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes, reduce heat to 400 deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric; cook further 20 to 25 minutes. Baste roll with sauce during cooking. Serve hot with cream substitute or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to I. E. Rillon, Ida St., Murray Bridge, S.A.

CELERY STUFFED WITH CHEESE AND AVOCADO

One ripe avocado pear, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon cream (from top of milk), pinch cayenne pepper, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt to taste, well washed celery stalks.

Remove skin and seed from avocado pear. Mash pulp well, add cheese, onion, cream, cayenne, sauce, and salt. Stuff clean, crisp celery stalks, cut into 2 in. to 3 in. lengths, serve as supper savory or in a salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Shew, Louis St., Annerley, Qld.

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2 for 7¹⁰/₂



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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES



ON THIS sunny patio, with a magnificent vista of the harbor and foreshores, Mr. and Mrs. Abrahams and their three sons spend happy hours.



LEAF-GREEN carpeted staircase from entrance hall leads to the bedrooms above. Oyster damask drapes window on the turn of the superbly designed staircase. Walls are tinted apricot.

A home of charm...

By EVE GYE

SITUATED in secluded Grey-land Place, Vaucluse, Sydney, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Abrahams and their young family is superbly planned and charmingly furnished.

From the moment you step into the spacious circular-shaped entrance hall you gain an impression of harmony and balance.

This effect is achieved by well-chosen and perfectly arranged furnishings, and by the clever use of color.

Play of light and shadow, too, on the apricot-tinted walls of the entrance hall, the muted green walls of drawing-room (which is stepped down from entrance hall), grey dining-room, and lily-of-the-valley walls of main bedroom add to the color and charm of the place.

In addition to the rooms shown on this page, the Abrahams have a spacious kitchen, glass-walled sun-room leading off the dining-room, small cocktail bar adjacent to drawing-room, cosy den, and a dressing-room lined with cupboards next to the main bedroom.

The exterior of the house is painted mushroom-pink, with blue tiled roof, blue entrance-door and wrought-iron grille.

Gardenias and kumquats in pale and deep blue pots decorate paved entrance.



VIEW from the wrought-iron gateway of the Abrahams' house. Glorious views of the harbor are glimpsed through the expansive windows of almost every room.

DINING-ROOM. Palest grey walls and ceiling, leaf-green carpet, grey panelled doors. Heavy rust drapes and deep oyster marquisette glass curtains. Chairs have seat covers of deep oyster damask patterned in green and rust.



BEGONIAS... for garden or bush-house

WITH the passing of winter, gardeners will begin to look around for plants for the garden, bush-house, and window-garden. They should consider the claims of begonias.

Begonias belong to a big family—probably including well over 1000 varieties in all and countless hybrids and garden types. Most of them grow naturally under shaded or partly shaded conditions, which gives a key to their requirements.

Sometimes, in winter, the seedsman or nurseryman sells them in pots, and, provided they are given protection until frosts are long past, they will soon brighten up the garden outdoors, or the conservatory, casement window, glasshouse, or even a room kissed by the wintry sunshine.

When the weather warms up, they must be given the conditions they like outside—shade to semi-shade, good fibrous soil, ample water, and protection from heat and drought.

And this family is obtainable in varieties ranging from dwarfs a few inches high to tall bamboo types that would touch the roof in a season if properly fed, grown, and watered. Others have thick, rhizomatous roots that sprawl along the ground and bear enormous leaves and long, flowering stems topped by panicles of lovely bloom.

Begonias, like most plants, are happiest in clean air, free from fumes, soot, gas, and dirt. These include the tuberous-rooted and rex types—and what are sometimes known as the wax and star begonias. They thrive best in places where the air is moist,

such as a pot standing on pebbles in a water-filled tray. But they soon become unhealthy if planted in waterlogged soil, so make sure the drainage is good by filling one-third of the pot with pebbles or crocks, and do not pack the porous, humus-packed soil round the roots too firmly.

One of the best mixtures for the pots is made of 2 parts rather coarse leafmould, 1 part rotted cow manure, 1 part sandy loam, 1 part broken charcoal, and a teaspoonful of commercial fertiliser to each 6-inch potful of the mixture.

When potting or repotting, pack the soil firmly enough to hold the plant upright but not so tightly that water has difficulty in getting through it. Abundant light is needed for free-flowering begonias, but unbroken sunlight may burn the leaves. If leaves become brown, shift to a shadier position.

Some of the most beautiful types are the Painted Leaf Begonias, which are hybrids of the Rex types. The Wax Begonia is the easiest of them all, and very free-flowering.

Others that most nurserymen here stock are the Corkscrew Begonia, so named because of its corkscrew-shaped leaves; Begonia Coccinea or Angel Wing, Beefsteak Begonia, which has fleshy leaves and small pink flowers; and the Christmas Begonia—Gloire de Lorraine—which flowers in winter. Begonia Tempelii has a mass of lovely pink bloom, and the Star Begonia is famed mostly for its star-like, big foliage. Begonia Manicata is a frilly type, the Imperial Begonia has showy cream-and-green leaves often spotted with color, and Begonia Follia is fern-like in its fine, delicate foliage. —Our Home Gardener.



DRAWING-ROOM (above) has leaf-green wall-to-wall carpet, palest forest-green walls and ceiling, and two "framed" alcoves hold exquisite bric-a-brac. Gilt mirror hangs above moulded sandstone and cement fireplace. Quilted valance to full mushroom chintz curtains. Lemon taffeta covers one chair; others are covered in grey, lemon, and cream stripes, and grey-and-rose patterned damask, with quilted satin baby cushions in teal, smoke, and silver-grey.



MASTER BED-ROOM: Orchid carpet, palest lilac-of-the-valley walls and ceiling, pink marquisette curtains; quilted valance over windows matches shell-pink satin bedspread. Five little circular pictures are attractively arranged near cream dressing-table.



ANOTHER VIEW OF BEDROOM. The cream twin beds share the one bedspread and padded bedhead. Heart-shaped baby cushions in lace-appliqued satin decorate bed. Notice attractive panelling of door. Walls of adjacent dressing-room are lined with capboards, painted apple-green.



BOY'S ROOM. Blue and cream are grand colors for a boy's room. Blue lino (with grey rug) covers floor; ceiling and walls are pale blue; blue - and - white - striped curtains have small floral pattern. Furniture is lacquered cream, as is large built-in cupboard. Gay murals and posters on the walls.

Helping baby's mental balance

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

EFFECT of the mental condition on physical well-being is often not sufficiently recognised. Young parents should remember that their child's mental outlook is influenced from a very early age.

Good physical condition produces contentment in the developing mind of the child, and regular hours of feeding, bathing, and sleeping give the tiny creature a sense of security.

Harmony and co-operation in the home—good team-work on the part of the parents—create the right atmosphere. Avoidance of over-stimulating the child's mind is important, too, and will help lay the foundations of mental stability.

A leaflet making suggestions for the early training of babies in this respect can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. If a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 149.—SUPPER SET

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Price: Cloth 30in. x 36in., 14/11. Registered postage 10½d. extra. Serviettes, 11in. x 11in., 1/3 each. Postage 1½d. extra. Tea Cozy, 11in. x 10in., 4/11. Postage 3½d. extra. D'oyley, 8in. x 8in., or 5in. x 11in., 1/- each. Postage 1½d. extra. Set comprising cloth, tea cozy, 4 serviettes, 1 d'oyley 8in. x 8in. and 1 d'oyley 5in. x 11in., 23/1. Registered postage 1/9 extra.

No. 150.—BEDJACKET

This quilted bedjacket with quaint heart pocket is cut out ready to sew in white, pale pink, and blue satin, and the design is traced on the white cotton backing. Full instructions for making are given.
Sizes: 22, 24, 26, and 28in. bust. 14/11. Registered postage, 10½d. extra.

No. 151.—SCANTIES

Shaped waistband ensures comfort in these scanties, cut out ready to sew in rayon crepe-de-chine or satin in shades of white, pale blue, and pink. Trim with lace (lace not supplied).
Sizes: Waist 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in., 14/11. Registered postage, 9½d. extra.

No. 152.—BUTTERFLY DUCHESSE SET

Traced ready to embroider, this unusual set is in cream Irish linen, sheer linen in white, palest lemon, pink, blue, and green, and British cotton in pale blue, pink, green, and lemon. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in. and the smaller mats 8in. x 8in.
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No. 153.—FROCK

Cut out ready to machine, this pretty frock is in a printed spot pique in green and white, red and white, and blue and white.
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Etiquette Quiz



Q.: When entering a restaurant or theatre, who should lead the way . . . the girl or her escort?

A.: The girl goes first, with the escort at her elbow. He should make all the table or seating arrangements, but the girl should be first to follow the waiter or usher.



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COFFEE MARBLE CAKE

1/2 teaspoon Vanilla 4 ozs. Butter 1 cup Sugar
2 cups S.R. Flour Pinch of Salt 1/2 cup Milk
1 tablespoon Bushells Coffee Essence 3 Eggs

Method.—Cream butter and sugar and add unbeaten eggs separately, beating well. Add the flour alternately with the milk, mixing lightly. Add the Coffee Essence to one half and the vanilla to the other. Stir the two together lightly and place in a well greased tin. Bake about 45 minutes, moderate oven, 450°. When cold ice with Coffee butter icing and decorate.



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